MY HEALTH HABITS

BOOK THREE

WHITCOMB - BEVERIDGE
TOWNSEND

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MY HEALTH HABITS
BOOK THREE

H. Hab. III—1

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

MY HEALTH HABITS

BOOK THREE

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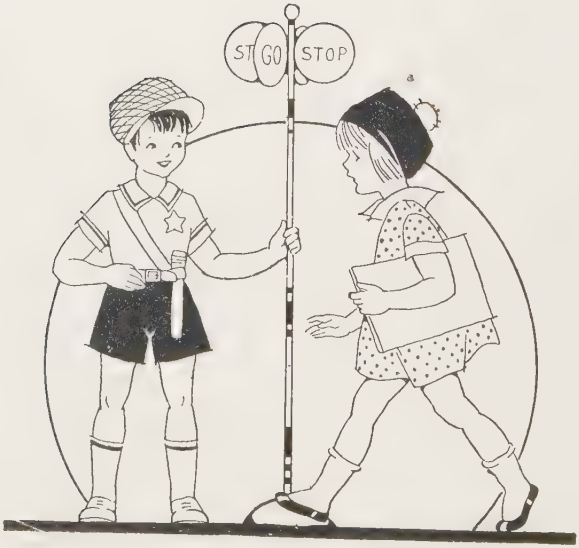
An Introduction

My Health Habits, Book Three, is the third of a series of health books written for the primary grades.

This book contains varied material, both fanciful and factual, that will broaden the experiences of the little readers and stimulate their thinking in paths of healthy living. Many of the stories in this book have been selected, not only for the health lessons they present, but also for the fund of valuable and interesting information they contain. We have endeavored to select stories in which the health lesson is not too apparent. Younger children, as a rule, object to too much moralizing, especially when this moralizing relates to those health practices which are not always attractive to children.

Factual material pertaining to personal cleanliness, mouth hygiene, food, exercise, rest, first aid, and ethics has been introduced. This material is simple and direct, and aims to present in a simple and concise manner the health lessons we want to impress upon the child.

THE AUTHORS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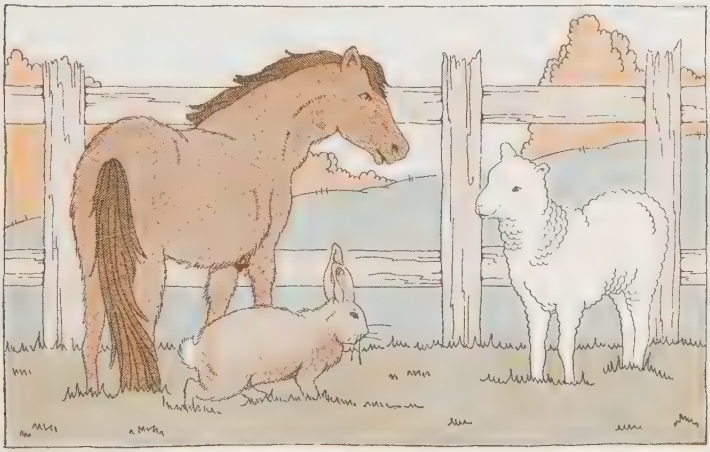


What Johnny-O Learned at School

Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony were all standing by the fence waiting for Johnny-O to come home from school. Towser Bow-wow had gone to meet Johnny-O. Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony all wished they could be with Johnny-O as much as Towser Bow-wow. Towser Bow-wow went into the big house whenever he liked. He saw

Johnny-O early in the morning and just before he went to bed at night. He knew so many things about Johnny-O that the others didn't know. He was very nice, though, about telling things to the rest of them. Just that morning, before it came time for Towser Bow-wow to dash off down the street toward Johnny-O's school, the four pets had been talking together. Towser Bow-wow had been telling about the things Johnny-O had learned at school.

"Yes," Towser Bow-wow had said, "Johnny-O is learning to read this year. And he is learning to write, too. Johnny-O makes beautiful little boxes, chairs, and beds out of paper. He brings all these things home to Mother Dear, and she hugs and kisses him for them."

"Let's ask him to show us those things," said Woolly Lamb. "Do you think he would, Towser Bow-wow?"

Towser Bow-wow certainly thought Johnny-O would show all his school treasures to his little friends. "But I wish you could see how carefully Johnny-O gets ready for school now," he added. "He says that he has learned so many nice things at school, and he likes to do them all."

"What do you mean?" asked Jack Rabbit. "What sort of things has he learned?"

"Well, you see," said Towser Bow-wow, "each morning he washes his face, his neck, his ears, and his hands just as carefully as he can. He brushes his teeth so they'll keep clean and white. He always makes sure that his clothes are clean and neatly brushed. And he combs his hair until it looks soft and smooth. Then at the very end he takes a clean handkerchief from his dresser drawer and puts it in his pocket."

"Oh, goody!" said Woolly Lamb. "I'm glad Johnny-O tries to be so clean. I know it is the right way, for I've often heard Big Daddy say so to Johnny-O."

"I know something else about him," spoke up Shaggy Pony. "He always washes his hands before he eats. Don't you remember that Mother Dear gave him an apple the other day when he came home from school? Well, Johnny-O didn't eat the apple until he had washed his hands. Did he learn that in school?"

"Yes, he did," said Towser Bow-wow. "Of course, Mother Dear had taught him all these things at home, but Johnny-O says it is easier to remember them since he has learned them in school, too."

Now Towser Bow-wow had gone to the school to meet Johnny-O, and the other pets were waiting by the fence.

All at once they heard a shout, and Johnny-O came running down the street with Towser Bow-wow at his side. How pleased he was to see Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony all there to meet him! And how proud the pets all were of their little master who was learning so much at school!

"Hello, there," called Johnny-O, as he turned in at the gate. "I haven't time to play with you now. I must get my face and hands washed before lunch. But after lunch I'll come out and we'll all play together until schooltime."

Then into the house ran Johnny-O. Towser Bow-wow was at his heels. Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony all turned away to get their own lunches. They wanted to be ready to play with Johnny-O when he came out again.

—Natalie Bassett Dumont

Read and Answer

1. Who were Johnny-O's pets?
2. Which of the pets knew most about Johnny-O?
3. How did Johnny-O get ready for school?
4. How did Johnny-O get ready for lunch?
5. How do you get ready for school?
6. When do you brush your teeth?

Circus Day

Bobby woke up very happy. At first he did not know why he was so happy. And then he remembered that this was Saturday and, better than that, the circus was in town. Bobby was going to the circus early so that he could have a good chance to see all the animals. Out of bed he jumped and started to get dressed. He was in such a hurry that he did not wash his neck and ears. Bobby did wash his face and hands, but very, very poorly. Worst of all, he did not brush his teeth.

Later Bobby's mother said to him, "You do not look very clean this morning, Bobby. Your shirt and handkerchief are both dirty, and your hair is not nicely brushed. Please make yourself tidy before you go to the circus."

"All right," said Bobby. But when his mother was giving baby sister her morning bath, he slipped out of the house and hurried away to the circus grounds.

What a wonderful place it was! Tents were everywhere. Men were walking around with great bunches of red, yellow, green, and blue balloons. Bobby's heart went thump, thump, thump with joy as he went up to the yellow ticket wagon. He bought a ticket with a part of the whole big dollar his daddy had given him the night before. Then he bought some peanuts to feed to the elephants, and into the tent he went.

He did not see the elephants right away, so he stopped to look at the monkeys. They were climbing all over one another, and seemed to be having lots of fun. Pretty soon an old mother monkey looked up and saw Bobby.

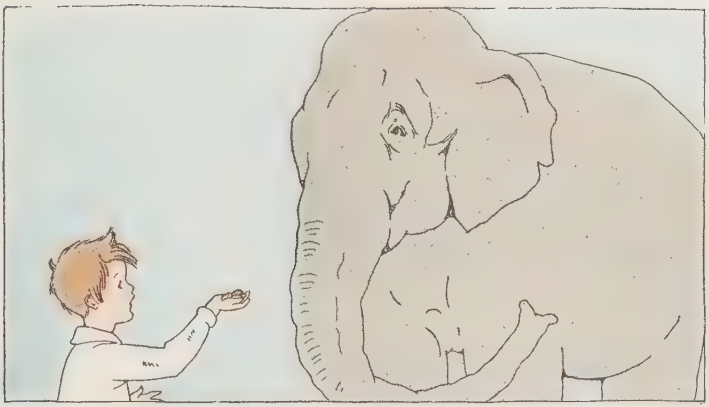
G

"Oh, my, children," she cried, "look at that little boy with the very dirty face and dirty neck and ears! Don't ever let your faces and necks and ears get that dirty."

All the little monkey children looked at Bobby. They looked so hard and so long that Bobby did not want to stay there. So he moved on to look at the ponies.

"Monkeys are just fussy, that's all," Bobby said to himself. "No other animals will care how I look."

The ponies were just finishing their breakfast when Bobby walked up to them. They looked at him very politely, and then trotted off around their ring. As two very neatly brushed ponies passed near him, Bobby heard one say to the other, "Isn't it too bad that little boy doesn't keep his hair brushed? I wouldn't want my hair to look the way his does." And the pony held her little



head up very high, for her hair was brushed just as smooth as it could be.

Bobby wasn't having as good a time as he had expected. But he decided to find the elephants and feed them the peanuts he had bought. One big, kind elephant stuck out his long trunk and started to take the peanuts which Bobby held out to him. Then all of a sudden he turned away and said, "Oh, no, I can't eat your peanuts! Your hands are very, very dirty. Surely you always wash your hands before you eat. Why do you think I

want to eat out of dirty hands?" The big elephant turned away and held out his trunk to a little boy who had come and stood next to Bobby. That little boy had very clean hands, and he and the elephant had such a good time together.

By this time Bobby was ready to go home, for he was not enjoying himself a bit. He decided to go out the way that led past the birds. One green and yellow parrot looked so lovely that Bobby felt sure she would be kind to him. The green and yellow parrot blinked her little eyes at Bobby, and said, "Hello! Hello!"

"Hello!" replied Bobby, thinking that at last he had found a friend. But just then some little birds in another cage began calling, "Tweet, tweet." Now to Bobby "tweet, tweet" sounded like "teeth, teeth." You see, he knew he had not brushed

his teeth that morning, and he thought the birds knew it.

Home went Bobby just as fast as he could go. Mother was most surprised to see him. She thought Bobby would stay a long time. Bobby was too ashamed of himself to tell his mother why he had come home. But deep in his heart he knew that from that time on he would always keep himself clean. The animals and birds had taught him a very important lesson.

—Natalie Bassett Dumont

Some Things to Tell

1. How did Bobby look when he went to the circus?
2. What did Mother Monkey say about Bobby?
3. Why did the ponies not want to play with Bobby?
4. Why did the elephant not eat the peanuts that Bobby had for him?
5. Have you ever been to a circus? Tell about it.
6. How should you get ready to go to a circus?

What Bobby Learned about Kittens

One summer little Bobby went out to the country to visit his grandmother. He had such fun playing with all the barnyard pets, such as Rover, the big shepherd dog, and Molly, the poor lame duck. But most of all Bobby liked Grandmother's cats. There were Nora, the nice big mother cat, and her two kittens, Blackie and Pink Nose. They would play all day in the sunshine, and come and rub their soft fur against Bobby's legs. Bobby liked to hear them purr when he stroked them.

One morning when Bobby got up he looked for the kittens but could find them nowhere.

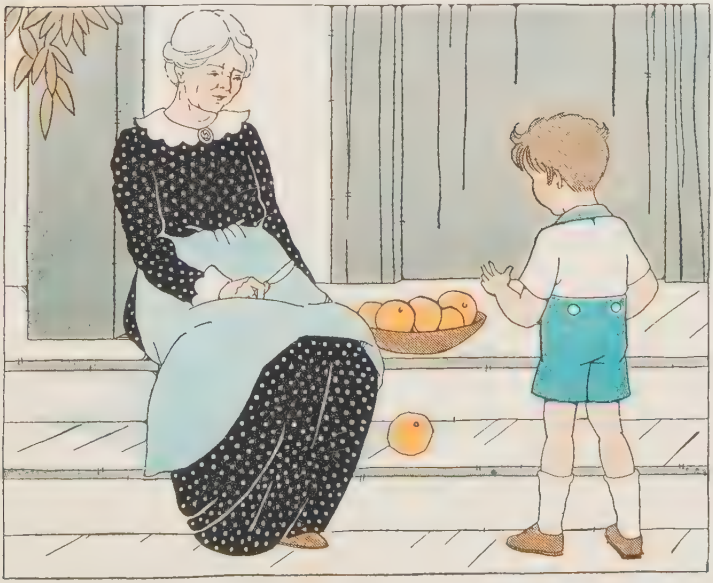
"Where are the kittens?" he asked Grandmother.

"They are hunting for mice out in the field," she explained. After a

while, around the corner of the house they came.

"Oh, here they are!" cried Bobby, as he ran to play with them. But the kittens were not ready to play. They all sat down on the porch to wash themselves, for they were very dusty and dirty.

Did you ever see cats take a bath? They do not like water and are very



careful to stay away from brooks and rain puddles. They have a very different way of keeping clean than you or I or the other animals have. First they wash their backs and hind legs and tails with their little rough, pink tongues, then they sit up and wash their faces and heads with their front paws.

"Ah!" laughed Grandmother, as she watched Nora and her kittens washing themselves. "I see it will be fine weather tomorrow."

"Why, how can you tell?" asked Bobby.

"You see," answered Grandmother, "they are all facing toward the west. They say that if a kitten turns toward the east while she washes her face a storm will come. But if she turns toward the west, as Nora, Blackie, and Pink Nose are doing now, it will be clear weather."

Bobby laughed. "I guess cats are pretty smart," he said. "They can tell what the weather will be, and they can take a bath without even using any bathtub!"

Soon Grandmother's kittens were clean and glossy all over. Then they stretched themselves, for they were very tired from their morning's work. They curled up into three little balls at Bobby's feet and were soon fast asleep.

—Ruth Lucia Manning

Read and Answer

1. What barnyard pets did Bobby like most of all?
2. How do kittens wash themselves?
3. What do kittens tell about the weather when they face east to wash themselves?
4. What do kittens tell about the weather when they face west to wash themselves?
5. Have you seen a kitten washing itself? Tell about it.

Tom, the Chimney Sweep[1]

Once there was a chimney sweep, and his name was Tom. He lived in a great city where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep. He never washed himself, he never had been taught to say his prayers, he could not read or write.

One morning Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, started off to sweep some chimneys in the country. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey, and Tom, with his brushes, walked behind. They met a poor old Irishwoman walking along with a bundle on her back. She wore a red dress and a shawl. She spoke kindly to Tom, and they walked along together until they came to a spring. The master jumped from the donkey and began dipping his head into the water and then shaking his ears to dry them.

[1]Adapted from *The Water Babies*, by Charles Kingsley.

Tom said, "Master, I never saw you wash before."

"Nor will you see me wash again, most likely. I did it for coolness, not for cleanliness. I'd be ashamed to want to wash every week or so."

"I wish I might wash, too," said poor Tom, and he started toward the spring.

"Come along," said Grimes. "What do you want with washing yourself?" And he began beating the poor boy.

"Shame on you!" cried the old Irishwoman. "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be; they that wish to be dirty, dirty they will be. Remember!"

That day Tom swept so many chimneys that he got lost. He came down the wrong chimney in one house, and found himself standing in a room. He had never seen a room like this before. There was a washstand with

a basin, soap, brushes, and clean, white towels. Looking toward the bed, he held his breath, for there under the snow-white coverlet was the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen.

"Are all the people like that when they are washed?" he thought.

Then he looked at his hands and tried hard to rub off the soot. He wondered if it ever would come off. Looking around, he saw standing close to him a little ugly, black, ragged boy with red eyes and grinning white teeth.

"Who are you?" he asked. "What does such a little black monkey want here?" But it was himself he saw in the great mirror.

Tom found out then, for the first time, that he was dirty. He burst into tears and turned to sneak up the chimney again to hide himself, but he upset the fender and threw the fire irons down with a great noise. Under the

window there was a large tree. Tom went out of the window and down the tree like a cat. Then he ran across the garden toward the woods.

The gardener, who was busy watering the rosebushes, saw him and ran after him; the milkmaid heard the noise and followed, too; and so did the old Irishwoman and Mr. Grimes. But Tom ran faster than all of them, and in the thick woods he was soon lost from view.

On the bank of a river Tom sat down to rest, and was soon fast asleep dreaming of the clean little girl and the old Irishwoman who said, "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be." All at once he cried out, "I must be clean! I must be clean!"

He awoke and went into the water, where he washed his feet. Suddenly he was changed into a water baby. Hundreds of other water babies were

there, laughing, singing, shouting, and romping in the clear, cool river water. They were all dressed in their little bathing suits, so clean and white. The one that had been poor little Tom, the chimney sweep, was the happiest and whitest among them all.

And he never forgot the old Irishwoman (who was really queen of the water babies), or what she had said: "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be; they that wish to be dirty, dirty they will be."

—Charles Kingsley

Some Things to Tell

1. Have you ever seen a chimney sweep? If you have, tell about him.
2. Why did the master say he washed?
3. What did Tom say when he saw the clean little girl?
4. Why did Tom cry when he saw himself in the mirror?
5. What did the old Irishwoman say to Tom's master?

Cleanliness

Do you know that you live in a little house all by yourself? This house is your body. One of the things necessary to live comfortably in your house is to keep it sweet and clean. This means that all parts of your body should be kept clean, and that your clothing should be clean, too. Can you imagine how you would feel if you had never taken a bath? I am sure that you cannot. But you do know how fresh and clean you feel after you have had a bath.

One of the most important reasons for keeping yourself clean is that cleanliness helps to keep you healthy and strong. There is another reason why you should keep yourself clean. A clean body and clean clothes make you more pleasing to other people. Your parents, teacher, and playmates think well of you if you are clean.

Wash Your Hands

Your hands should be washed much oftener than any other part of your body. You handle so many things that your hands are often dirty even though they may look clean. This is the reason your hands should always be washed just before you eat. I am very sure you would not want to eat food that had been handled with dirty hands.

You should wash your hands whenever they look dirty. If you are playing outdoors, your hands may have to be washed many times a day.

Wash Your Face, Neck, and Ears

Wash your face, neck, and ears with warm water and soap every night before you go to bed. When you get up in the morning, rinse them with cool water, then you will be clean and ready for the day.

Take a Bath Often

Have you ever rubbed your skin until you could see little rolls come out that looked like dirt? That was dust, oil, and old, dry skin. If it is not removed, it helps to keep you from being healthy, and it keeps your body from being clean. To keep the skin of your body always clean and healthy, you should take a bath with warm water, soap, and a brush. Remember to dry yourself well with a rough towel after your bath. You should take a bath at least twice each week, and oftener if possible. The best time to take a warm bath is just before you go to bed.

A cool bath in the morning followed by a brisk rub with a rough towel makes you feel bright and warm. If you do not take a cool bath in a tub, dash cool water over your face, neck, arms, and chest. Taking a cool splash is the best way to begin the day.

Clean Your Finger Nails

When you wash your face and hands with soap and water at bedtime, remember to brush your nails, too. When you have dried your hands, clean out the dirt from under the finger nails. You may use a finger-nail file or an orange-wood stick, or you may fold a piece of paper to a point and clean your nails with it.

The finger nails should be trimmed, too. They should not be allowed to grow too long, and they should not be kept too short. Try to keep your finger nails about even with the ends of your fingers.

Things to Remember

Wash your face, hands, neck, and ears every night before you go to bed.

Take a cool splash in the morning.

Wash your hands before each meal.

Take a warm bath with soap and a brush at least twice each week.

KEEPING UNCLEAN THINGS AWAY FROM THE FACE

Seven Gaily Bordered Handkerchiefs

Seven gaily bordered handkerchiefs lay in a little pink box all tied up with a white ribbon. "A handkerchief for every day in the week," said the handkerchief clerk proudly. One had a pink border, one blue, one yellow, one purple, one green, one rose, and one red.

"I'm sorry to say good-by to you," said the handkerchief clerk, as she wrapped them up in pink paper and tied the box with a gold cord. "The Christmas messenger has come, and so you must go."

"Where shall I take them?" asked the Christmas messenger.

"They must go to the very nicest little girl you can find. I want them to have a good home," said the handkerchief clerk. "Leave them with a princess. Only a dainty little princess should have those lovely gay-bordered handkerchiefs. How she would like them!"

"Well," said the Christmas messenger, "if they are to go to a princess, I shall have to look for a palace." So he put the pink box inside his big bag and hurried out through the snowy streets. On and on he went, past markets where Christmas turkeys were

hanging in the windows, past bake-shops where Christmas cakes were being baked, past candy shops where Christmas candies were being packed. By and by he came to a large house. Its chimney reached high up into the sky. It was made of stone and at the front gate on high posts there were two shining lamps.

"This must be your new home," said the Christmas messenger to the pink box of handkerchiefs. "We'll just peep in here and see if there is a little princess inside."

So the Christmas messenger peeped in the window. There he saw a room filled with all sorts of lovely things. Beautiful pictures were on the wall, and a great many pretty dolls were lying around on the floor. A little girl was sitting under the Christmas tree chewing the corner of a lace handkerchief."

"Oh! Oh!" said the Christmas messenger. "I almost saw that too late. This little girl is certainly not a princess. No princess would chew the corner of her handkerchief."

So the Christmas messenger started on again. This time he passed tired little boys carrying Christmas baskets, and big wagons with their loads of

Christmas trees. Soon he came to a middle-sized house.

"Perhaps this is where I shall leave you," said the Christmas messenger to the gaily bordered handkerchiefs. "True, this house is not so large and has smaller windows and lower chimneys, but a princess may live here; who can tell?"

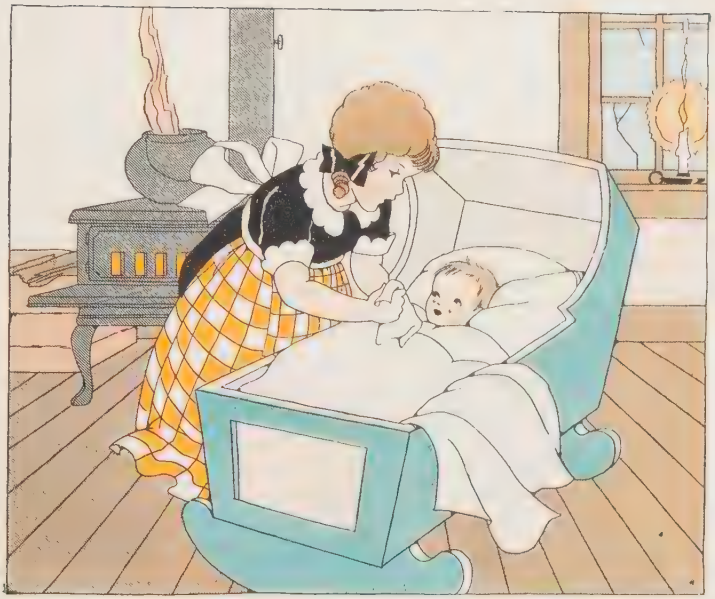
Then he went softly up the front walk and peeped in the window. Was there ever so wonderful a Christmas tree? From the top to the bottom sparkled gold balls and tinsel of every color, red, blue, green, rose, and violet. Bright red apples, candy mice, and candy Santa Clauses swung gaily from the branches, and great strings of pop corn hung clear to the floor. Candles of every color sent their bright lights to the street. Under the tree were picture books, pretty toy dishes, and a little toy stove. Seated close by the tree was

a little girl, and lying on the floor right by her side was a very badly soiled handkerchief.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" said the Christmas messenger. "This little girl is surely not a princess. She doesn't even know how to care properly for a handkerchief. I can't leave the box of gaily bordered handkerchiefs here."

So he started on once more and finally came to a place where there were no Christmas turkeys hanging in shop windows. There were no big Christmas trees throwing their bright, cheery light to the street, and no Christmas cakes or candies or baskets of flowers. The streets were narrow, and the houses were very, very tiny.

"Well, we mustn't stay here long. A princess surely would never live in such a place," said the Christmas messenger. But as he was going by the tiniest of all the tiny houses, he



heard a baby cry. As the house was built right up to the street, he peeped in the window. And there by the dim light of one wee little Christmas candle and a small fire in the kitchen stove was a little girl rocking her baby brother to sleep.

"But see," said the Christmas messenger, "what was that she took out of her apron pocket to dry the

baby's tears and clean his nose? No lovely little gaily bordered handkerchief, but a clean cloth. And it was right in her pocket where it should be when not in use."

"I have found a princess for you," he said to the handkerchiefs in his big bag.

He rapped on the little brown door, and there, with the little princess, he left the gaily bordered handkerchiefs, one for every day in the week.

—Ida Spaeter

Read and Answer

1. To whom was the messenger to give the handkerchiefs?
2. Was the first little girl that the messenger saw a princess? Why not?
3. Describe the Christmas tree in the second house where the messenger stopped.
4. Why was the second little girl not a princess?
5. Why was the third little girl a princess?
6. How should you take care of your handkerchief?

Billy's Pal

One day Billy was left at home alone because he had not done his arithmetic. There he sat chewing his pencil and never once trying to do his work. Suddenly he was frightened by hearing a wee voice say, "Ouch!" Billy had been left all alone in the house. Where did the voice come from?

He listened again, ever so hard, but heard nothing more, so he began chewing his pencil harder than ever. "Ouch! Ouch!" Again he heard the same little voice. Billy began to feel a bit more frightened. Where in this lonely house could the soft little sound come from?

Billy sat ever so quiet. He was not going to be surprised again. As he sat there, he started to chew his pencil, and as he put his teeth deep

into the shiny red wood, he heard, "Ouch! Ouch! Please stop!" Now, who do you suppose it was? The pencil!

In his fright Billy dropped the pencil from his mouth onto the table. And then a strange thing happened. The pencil didn't roll; it just rose up on its point—but it wasn't a point at all. It was a pair of tiny black boots. And the pencil was a little thin man in a shining red suit and a bright little cap.

"Sorry I frightened you, Billy," said the pencil, "but you were hurting me terribly."

"Why did you say 'Ouch! Ouch!' and 'Please stop!' and where did you come from?" Billy wondered what he should do. Think of a pencil talking!

"Guess you'd say 'Ouch!' and 'Stop!' and more, too, if some one

chewed your head and spoiled your best suit,'' answered the pencil.

''But nobody ever knew it hurt pencils,'' said Billy.

''Just look closely at my bright red coat,'' said the pencil, ''and you'll see how you hurt me.''

Billy picked up the pencil and set it gently on his hand.

"See here," continued the pencil. "These are the teeth marks of Mary. She got me from John. He picked me out of the wastebasket where I slipped from a hole in Tom's pocket. Tom found me in a gutter, where I was glad to fall after being perched all day back of a peddler's ear."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in wastebaskets and gutters?" asked Billy in surprise.

"Oh, my, yes! That's only a part of my life. I've had a hard time since I left my home."

"Your home?" asked Billy. "And where was that?"

"My home was a bright, clean factory. All my brothers and sisters were dressed just as I'm dressed—in shining red suits. We all had our names put on us in silver letters. We were so proud of our names. Look at mine!"

"Why, I can't find it! It has been chewed up," said Billy.

"That's just it," said the pencil. "My brothers and sisters all left the factory hoping to be owned and loved by some boy or girl who would keep them clean and not hurt them. We all wanted to help children draw and write and do lessons. But we are chewed up by everyone. We are so dirty that often people who put us in their mouths get sick."

The pencil could say no more, for a big tear was rolling down his little face. And Billy, too, was sorry; so he washed his little visitor gently and said, "From now on you are my little pal. I'll not lose you or bite you, but I'll keep you bright and clean."

After that Billy and the pencil worked happily together and did the arithmetic lesson.

—Aimee Zillmer

What Marcia Heard

One very rainy day Marcia sat at the window of her playroom watching the little drops splash against the glass and run down in tiny rivers. She sat there for what seemed hours, but it kept right on raining. Marcia thought it never was going to stop so she could go outdoors to play. She felt sleepier and sleepier. Suddenly she heard small voices talking near her on the window seat.

"I brush her teeth for her, and you wash her face and hands," said one little voice. "But we can't do all the work. She must help, too. Why do you suppose she is always putting keys, sticks, and other things in her mouth? Just yesterday I saw her chew a dirty thread she found on the table. Doesn't she know she must never, never do those things?"

"It's too bad we can't tell her," said a second little voice, "that she should wash her hands at least before every meal. Even though they don't look dirty, there is always dirt on them that she cannot see."

Here Marcia looked down to see who could be saying such queer things about her hands and teeth and face. How did they mean that she could help them? But when she saw that the first little voice was that of her toothbrush, and that the second little voice belonged to her own cake of soap, she began to understand a little more about it all. Just then her washcloth came up to join in the conversation.

"If she would only remember to stop rubbing her eyes," it said, "they would be much brighter and clearer and would feel ever so much better. I am quite sure that you,

Mr. Toothbrush, would like to tell her that she must never put that dirty pencil in her mouth."

"Ah, yes," said the toothbrush. "But I fear that we cannot make her understand. How I should like to tell her that if only she would keep everything but her food and all of us away from her mouth, she would always be healthy."

Then they all walked slowly back to their places in the bathroom, not knowing that Marcia had heard every word they had said.

"Why, I never knew that I shouldn't do all that," thought Marcia. "But I suppose they are right. I shall always be careful to keep things that are not clean away from my face."

Just then Marcia looked up and saw her mother standing in the doorway. She was saying, "Come, Marcia, it has stopped raining and the sun is

shining. Now you may go outdoors to play."

Then Marcia told her mother about the voices.

"They were quite right," said Mother. "You must have dreamed about your toothbrush, soap, and washcloth coming in and talking to you. But I am sure that, if they could talk, that is just what they would say."

Marcia never forgot her dream. At first it was hard to remember to keep things away from her face, but she soon formed a habit that did much to keep her always well and happy.

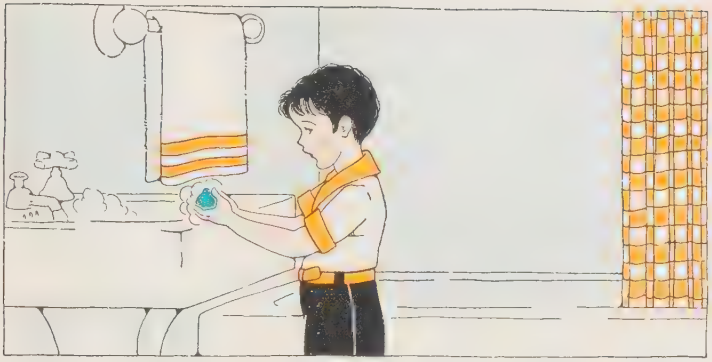
—Ruth Lucia Manning

Read and Do

1. Draw the pictures of five things that should not be put in your mouth.

2. Draw the pictures of five things that you may put in your mouth.

3. Draw the pictures of three things that Marcia dreamed she heard talking.



Good Habits

Keep Hands, Pencils, Pens, and Other Things Away from Your Face

One of the best habits you can form is to keep your hands and everything you handle away from your mouth and face. Even though hands, pencils, and pens may look clean, they are not clean enough to be put in your mouth.

Try always to remember that it is not safe to put anything in your mouth except your food and your toothbrush. You have already learned to wash your hands well before you

handle your food, and to keep your toothbrush clean.

Cover Your Nose and Mouth when You Cough or Sneeze

Remember always, when you cough or sneeze, to cover your nose and mouth with a handkerchief. If you do not do this, some one near you may take a cold from you. Clean, polite children remember to protect others.

You should have a clean handkerchief or a clean cloth each morning. Do not play with your handkerchief. Keep it in your pocket when you are not using it.

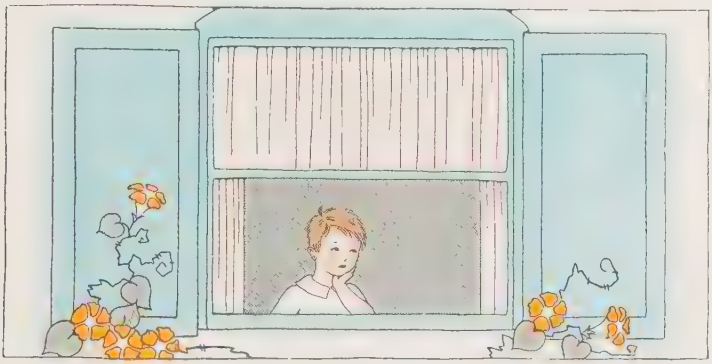
Things to Remember

Keep your hands away from your nose and mouth.

Keep pens, pencils, and other things away from your nose and mouth.

Cover your nose and mouth when you cough or sneeze.

Carry a clean handkerchief each day.



Johnny-O and His Pets

Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony were not happy. It was Saturday morning, and Johnny-O had not come out to play.

"What can be the matter?" asked Jack Rabbit. "Do you think Johnny-O is sick?"

"Well, he's not in bed," said Woolly Lamb, "for I saw him when I was eating my breakfast. He came to the window to look out, and I noticed that he was all dressed."

"Did he call to you?" asked Shaggy Pony.

"No," said Woolly Lamb. "He didn't look very happy. He held his hand to his face as if his face hurt."

"Dear me!" said Shaggy Pony. "Something must be wrong with Johnny-O." And Shaggy Pony began pawing the ground with his right front hoof just as he always did when things worried him.

Jack Rabbit stopped jumping around, and settled in a little bundle up close to Woolly Lamb. They all looked very sad, for it was a terrible thing to have the sun shine on a Saturday morning and Johnny-O not with them. Pretty soon Towser Bow-wow came running up to join their group.

"Oh, here comes Towser Bow-wow!" said Shaggy Pony. "He's sure to know what has been going on inside the house."

"Good morning, Towser Bow-wow," called Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony all together. "Why are you coming from the house all alone this morning? What has happened to Johnny-O?"

Towser Bow-wow looked very sad. "Good morning, my friends," he said. "Johnny-O cannot play with us this morning. He must go to the dentist."

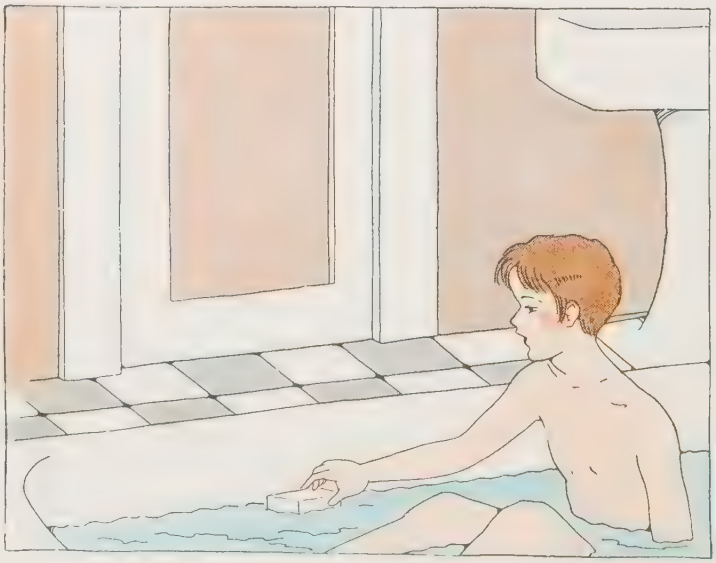
"The dentist! What is a dentist?" asked Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, and Shaggy Pony all at once.

"A dentist," replied Towser Bow-wow, "is a man who takes care of people's teeth. I heard Mother Dear talking to Big Daddy at the breakfast table. Johnny-O has been a careless boy and has not been brushing his teeth twice a day as Wise Teacher told him to do. And now one of his teeth has a pain in it, and Johnny-O must go to the dentist at once."

"Oh, dear!" said Jack Rabbit. "Johnny-O has always been so careful to keep his face and his hands clean, why *hasn't* he kept his teeth clean, too?"

"And he has always kept his clothes clean and carried a clean handkerchief each day," said Woolly Lamb. "Why hasn't he kept his teeth clean?"

"And I know," said Shaggy Pony, "that he has always taken a bath



more than once a week. Why, oh, why hasn't he kept his teeth clean?"

"Well, it certainly is too bad," said Towser Bow-wow, "but we must play without him this morning. Come on, I'll race you all to the stone wall where Johnny-O had planned to play soldiers with us this morning."

Off the four of them started. And they reached the stone wall just as Johnny-O and Mother Dear came out of the house and started for the dentist's.

Johnny-O saw Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, Shaggy Pony, and Towser Bow-wow all at the stone wall. Oh, how he wanted to be with them! Two big tears rolled up to his eyes.

"I won't be a baby," thought Johnny-O to himself. "I know it's my own fault that I can't play with my pets this morning. After this I shall always brush my teeth twice a

day just as Wise Teacher and Mother Dear have told me to do."

After that Johnny-O kept his promise to himself. Every morning after he got up he brushed his teeth. Every night before he went to bed he brushed them again. When the next Saturday morning came around, and the next, and the next, Johnny-O came running from the house with Towser Bow-wow. Then all of them—Jack Rabbit, Woolly Lamb, Shaggy Pony, Towser Bow-wow, and Johnny-O—raced each other to the big stone wall.

—Natalie Bassett Dumont

Some Things to Tell

1. Why were Johnny-O's pets not happy?
2. Why did Johnny-O not come out to play?
3. Why did he have to go to the dentist?
4. What did Johnny-O's visit to the dentist help him to remember to do?
5. Have you ever visited a dentist? If you have, tell about it.

Care of the Teeth

Perhaps you know some children whose teeth are decayed or crooked, or you may even know children who do not keep their teeth clean. Many children, and grown-up people too, do not know that if they take good care of their teeth they can keep them strong and white and clean.

Food for Teeth

The right kinds of food will help build strong, sound teeth.

Milk is one of the best foods for teeth. It builds them up and keeps them strong. You should drink a glass of milk with each meal. Other foods that help teeth to grow are spinach, lettuce, raw carrots, apples, oranges, oatmeal, and whole-wheat bread.

Eating too much sugar and other sweet foods causes teeth to decay.

For this reason you should eat only a small amount of sweet foods.

Exercise Your Jaws

You run and jump to exercise your legs and make them grow. You play ball to exercise your arms and make them grow. You chew tough foods to exercise your jaws and make them grow so there will be room for all your teeth to come in straight and strong. Foods that are tough and hard to chew, such as crusts of bread, raw vegetables, and whole-wheat cereals, exercise your jaws. Always remember to chew all foods thoroughly.

Keep Your Teeth Clean[1]

Have you ever thought how dirty your teeth would be if you did not brush them every day? Just think of the food you eat, how some of it gets between the teeth, and how bits

[1]See note to teacher on process of brushing the teeth, page 235.

of it sink in the rough parts of your teeth. If this food is allowed to stay in your teeth, it decays, or spoils. You would never think of eating spoiled food. Yet you carry spoiled food in your mouth and teeth if you do not brush your teeth every day.

You should remember also that clean teeth last longer and look better. If you take good care of your teeth, they should last you all your life. How willing you should be to take care of your teeth!

When to Brush Your Teeth

Your teeth should be brushed at least twice every day. Brush them in the morning before breakfast and in the evening before you go to bed. It would be better still to brush your teeth after each meal. But if you cannot brush your teeth after each meal, remember to brush them in the morning and in the evening.

Your Toothbrush

Have your own toothbrush. Never use one that belongs to some one else. Your toothbrush should be small enough so you can brush well all of your teeth. The bristles should be stiff. When you have finished brushing your teeth, rinse your brush well in cold water and put it away. Keep your brush in a clean place. Do not put it in a glass or holder where it will touch the toothbrushes of others. Hang it in the sun as often as possible. The sun makes the brush clean and helps to keep the bristles stiff. When the bristles in your brush get soft, it is time to get a new brush.

Tooth Paste or Powder

Tooth paste or powder used on your brush helps you to brush your teeth well. There is probably little difference between paste and powder, so use the

one you have been told to use, or the one you like best. If you do not have powder or paste, you may sprinkle a little salt or soda on your brush. Any of these help to clean your teeth, and they also make your mouth feel fresh and clean.

Visit the Dentist

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. He cleans and takes care of your teeth so they will last longer. Having a dentist take care of your teeth will keep you from having toothache, too.

Things to Remember

Eat the right kinds of food to keep your teeth sound and strong.

Chew tough foods to exercise the jaws.

Chew thoroughly all the food you eat.

Brush your teeth before breakfast and at bedtime.

Have your own toothbrush. Keep it clean.

Visit a dentist twice each year.

A Walk in the Woods

I

Sam and Sue were twins. One afternoon their Uncle Harry took them for a walk in the woods. Uncle Harry knew all about the little creatures that lived in the big, green forest, and Sam and Sue liked to ask him questions about them.

The first little animal they saw today was a gray squirrel who was

very busy storing away nuts in the ground. Sam was ready with a question. "Why does the squirrel do that?" he asked. "Why does he not eat the nuts now?"

"He is getting ready for winter," answered Uncle Harry. "Many animals hide or store food while the weather is warm, so that when everything is frozen and food is hard to get they will not starve."

"I think that is a very good idea," spoke up little Sue. "Do the other animals also store their food in the ground?"

"Not always," answered her uncle. "The little chipmunk, or ground squirrel as he is often called, stores his food in his cheeks and under the leaves on the ground. He and the little woodchuck and the big old bear, whom we seldom see around here, have a queer way of doing. When

autumn comes, they eat and eat until they become very fat indeed. Then they curl up in some hollow tree or sheltered place and sleep all winter long. In the spring they come out again, but they are very, very thin. You see they have lived on the food they ate before they went to sleep."

"How funny!" laughed Sam. "Some time I should like to peek in on an old bear sleeping. But what do these animals eat, Uncle Harry?"

"The chipmunk eats nuts and sometimes berries and roots," explained Uncle Harry, "and the woodchuck lives on vegetables. Vegetables are very good for all of us to eat. But the big old bear eats almost anything he can get hold of. He is very fond of ants. Would you believe it? He turns over old logs and finds the ants underneath them. He also likes honey, and sometimes he eats the bees themselves. He

does not seem to mind being stung. Most of the time he lives on roots, bark, berries, fish, and frogs."

Just then Sue said, "Oh, look!" and pointed up into a tall tree not far off, where her bright eyes had seen a brownish-gray furry animal with a beautiful ringed tail. "What is it?" she asked.

"That is a raccoon. His fur is used for making coats for people. Oh, I must tell you what he does with his

food!'' said Uncle Harry. ''Before he eats anything, no matter how hungry he is, he carries it to a pool or stream and washes it. He is very particular that everything he eats is clean.''

''Just as I wash an apple before I eat it,'' said Sue.

As they walked down the shady path, they came to a small pond filled with lily pads. A big bullfrog, that had been snapping at flies, jumped kersplash! into the water as the twins and their uncle came near.

''See this funny old turtle, Sue,'' said Sam. ''Turtles always live near water, don't they, Uncle Harry?''

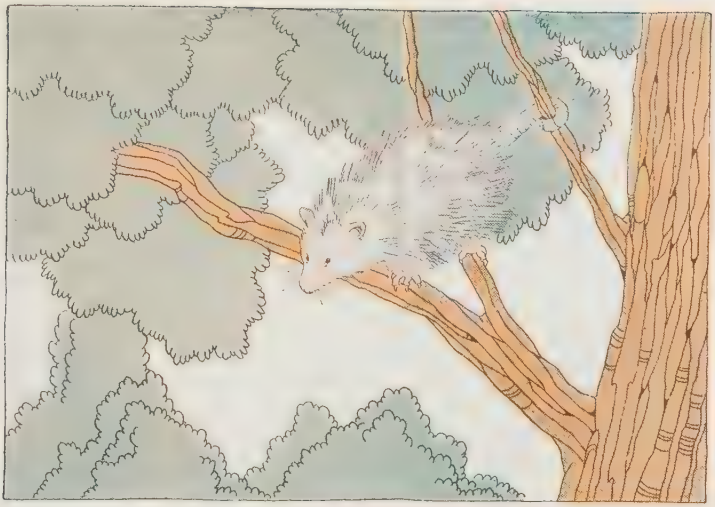
''Most of them do,'' his uncle answered. ''But there is a kind of tortoise which lives in the desert. He carries his water with him in a sac under his shell. The sac holds a great deal of water which lasts the tortoise a long time. The camel, as you no

doubt know, also carries water in his body, and can live for many days in a country where there are no streams or pools."

II

As it was getting near dinner time, the three turned back toward home. On the way back, the only creature they saw was an opossum hanging by his tail from the branch of a tree. Uncle Harry told the twins that the opossum has a bad habit of stealing eggs from barns. He dearly loves to eat young chickens, too. If the farmer takes him by surprise, he rolls over and pretends to be dead. But just as soon as the farmer turns his back Mr. Possum is up and away as fast as he can go.

When the twins reached home, there was Mother waiting for them. "Come in to dinner," she said. "You



three must all be hungry after your long walk."

"I am hungry!" cried Sam. "And, oh, Mother, do you know what a bear likes best to eat?"

"No, I don't, dear," said his mother. "After you and Sue have washed your hands, we shall sit down at the table, and you may tell me everything you learned today."

So the twins told their mother all about the big bear, the little chipmunk,

and the old opossum that has a trick of playing dead when he is in danger, and about the other animals they had seen on their walk.

"Isn't it fine," said Mother when they had finished, "that all these animals seem to know just what is best for them to eat? I wonder if little boys and girls know as well what they should eat."

"I do, I do!" cried Sam. "They should eat the things they like just as the animals do. They should eat lollipops, cookies, and cherry pie."

But Sue knew better than that. "Why, Sam, you know that isn't so," she said. "If you didn't eat anything but just lollipops, cookies, and cherry pie you would soon be very sick indeed. Wouldn't he, Mother?"

"Yes, of course he would," agreed Mother. "Do you know the right things for you to eat, Sue?"

Sue thought about it a minute. "Yes, I think I do," she said. "We should eat things like milk, vegetables, cereals, all kinds of fruit, and bread and butter."

"Good!" cried Uncle Harry. "You have learned your lesson well. I think Sam knew that, too. He just forgot for a minute."

After dinner Uncle Harry went back to his home in the city. Before he went, the twins made him promise that he would come back very soon and take them for another long walk in the woods.

—Ruth Lucia Manning

Read and Answer

1. How did the gray squirrel prepare for winter?
2. What animals sleep all winter long?
3. Name some of the things the bear eats.
4. What good habit does the raccoon have?
5. What animal can live many days without drinking water? Why?
6. What foods did Sue say children should eat?

One Night in Jinnie's Kitchen

I

Many years ago there was a kind, jolly colored cook whom everyone called "Jinnie." Her real name was Jermina. They called her Jinnie, I think, because she came from Virginia.

She cooked for Jessie, Jean, and Jack and their father and mother. Everyone who came to visit said, "What a fine cook Jinnie is! Did you ever taste such good bread, pie, and sweet white cake?"

One winter Father and Mother went away leaving Jessie, Jean, and Jack at home. Jinnie stayed home, too, and did all the baking and cooking.

The children often came out to the kitchen. "Please make us some little cakes today, Jinnie," they begged, and Jinnie made whatever they asked her to make.

As the days went on, the children grew cross and tired. The next day after Christmas, Jessie, Jean, and Jack quarreled all day and went to bed tired and unhappy.

Jinnie sat in her rocking chair in the kitchen. "Oh, my, my! What has happened to the children?" said Jinnie. "I give them everything they

ask for, and yet they grow crosser and crosser every day.'' She wondered what she could do.

And then a strange thing happened. The door of the ice box opened and out jumped a large white egg, the glass jar of butter, and a big bottle of milk.

Jinnie saw them jump up on the kitchen table. She heard a ''splash, splash-splash'' of the milk in the bottle, and a ''tap, tap-tap'' of the egg on the table. And suddenly Jinnie knew the foods were talking, but never before had she understood them. Now she knew just what they were talking about.

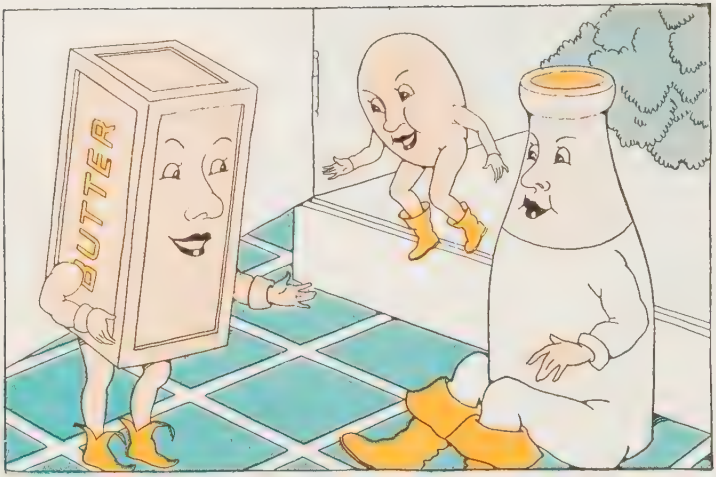
''Splash, splash-splash!'' said Milk. ''Why don't more children drink me? I feel very sad indeed when I see them eating the things that make them sick instead of the things that make them well and strong.''

"Even the pets seem to know what they should eat," said Butter softly. "Did you ever see a kitten or a calf that wouldn't drink milk?"

"Tap, tap-tap!" knocked Egg. "Just see how many people fry me until I'm as hard as leather, when there are so many good, easy ways to cook me!"

While they were talking, a loaf of brown bread stuck its head out of the bread box and looked around. Then it, too, joined the others on the table. The cupboard door opened and the cereals climbed down—oatmeal, wheatena, rice, and corn meal.

Just then the door of the storeroom opened slowly, and a bunch of spinach hopped out and up on the table beside the other things. Then a smooth yellow carrot rushed in, followed by a big fat potato whose eyes seemed to be always laughing at something. An orange



and a tomato came hand in hand, and lettuce, celery, cabbage, and two rosy apples just got through before the wind blew the storeroom door shut.

II

"Swish, swish-swish; splash, splash-splash; tap, tap-tap!" All the foods were talking at once.

Finally Milk, whom the other foods seemed to admire greatly, raised one white hand high, and the foods all became quiet.

"Friends," began Milk, "is it right for us to allow the children to eat themselves sick? Here are Jessie, Jean, and Jack cross and unhappy all the time just because they choose other foods instead of us."

"Is that why they're cross?" asked Oatmeal.

"Of course it is," answered Spinach gently. "Healthy children are almost always happy."

"Tap, tap-tap!" said Carrot. "If they will not choose us, let them be sick, I say."

"Swish-swish, splash-splash, tap-tap!" everybody said. "No, no! No, indeed! No, let us help to make the children happy!"

"Happy, ha-ha!" laughed the potato. "Happy, just like me."

"How can we help them?" asked Milk.

Nobody spoke.

Finally Carrot tossed his green top. He said, "Since you all want to do something, I'll tell you what to do. And I'll help you, too. Let's throw out the other foods, and then the children will be glad to have us to eat."

"Fine! Fine!" said all the foods. Egg jumped up so high he almost cracked when he came down on the table. Potato winked one eye and doubled up his fists, ready for a fight.

First they went to the cupboard and took the box of pancake flour. Into the fire he went. Some others took tea and coffee. Into the fire they went, too. Then they all ran to the ice box.

"There's a dish of custard in here," said Bread.

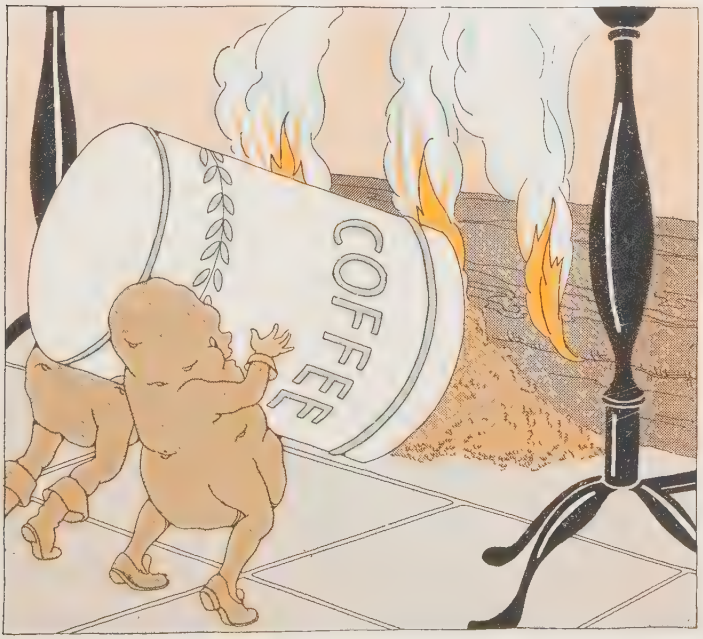
"Oh, custard's all right, it's made of milk and eggs!" said Oatmeal.

"What about the meat?" asked Lettuce.

"If he promises to come out only once in a while, we'll let him stay," said Milk.

"Yes, I'll promise," said the meat. "I like it very well in here."

In the cake box they found a soft, rich cake with sweet, white icing. All the vegetables together couldn't put out the cake.



"Help, help!" they called, and Milk and Egg came running. Then they all pulled and pulled, and suddenly out came the cake with a jerk, over the heads of the other foods and right out through the open window.

"Oo, there are some molasses and raisin cookies in here, too," said Bread.

"Let them be," said the apples. "They are very nice with baked apples for supper or lunch."

"Now," said Milk, "are all the foods that are left good foods?"

"I saw some candy in the dining room," said Bread.

"Let's get after it," said Carrot, "and throw it out."

"But can't children have a piece of candy after a meal?" asked Potato.

"Yes," said Milk, "one piece after a meal is all right, but I'm afraid that just now these children will not remember to take just the one piece."

"I taste as good as candy, anyway," said Orange, "and so do dates, figs, and raisins."

"Come on, friends," sang out Carrot, leading the way into the dining room. But the box of candy had heard what they said, and the pieces jumped out of the box and began to run away like little mice. They were so frightened they never came back again.

"Now," said Milk, "we must go and tell Jinnie not to let the bad foods in again."

"No, no," said Jinnie, who spoke now for the first time since the foods had come out. "You don't need to tell me. Now I know what is good for the children."

And she did. From that night she always gave only the simply cooked, good foods to the children.

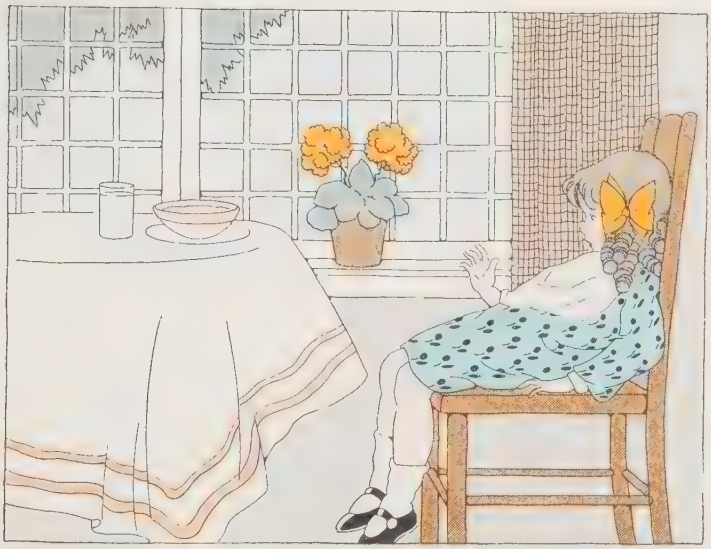
—Ruth Strang

Why Kitty Grows

Today I said to kitty,
"You're a cunning little cat;
What makes your fur so silky
soft?
And why are you so fat?
How is it you're so frisky?
Are you never tired of play?"
And, listening very carefully,
I thought I heard her say:

"I think it's all the milk I drink,
It's very good, you see,
For kittens and for children, too,
Who'd strong and healthy be.
I drink milk three times a day,
I wonder now—do you?"
My kitty looked delighted
When I said, "Why, I do, too!"

—Pansy Nichols



Shrinking Sally

There was once a little girl named Sally. She had a very good mother, who knew what to do to make little girls strong and healthy. So Sally grew up to be a fine-looking, rosy-cheeked, and curly-haired girl.

But one day some imp got into Sally. Her mother thought that Sally had had the right things to eat long

enough for her to have learned to like them. She no longer made Sally eat things. But this day Sally decided that she wouldn't eat anything that she had ever had before. And so she refused her milk; she refused the nice, fluffy baked potato; she refused the dish of apple sauce, and the big bowl of spinach soup. All in one day Sally would have none of these things. She would like to have coffee, she said.

Well, Sally's mother was very much worried. She knew that coffee wasn't good for Sally, and that little girls who don't eat can't grow. She thought the best way was to let Sally get very hungry.

But Sally would not say that she was hungry, and she would eat nothing. Every time she was asked to choose what she would have to drink, she always chose coffee. Now then, what do you suppose happened to Sally?

She began to shrink!

Every day Sally became smaller and smaller, and very soon she wasn't much taller than a coffee pot or a bottle of milk.

One day when Sally was running down the steps to school, she tripped and fell. Well! She couldn't imagine what had happened to her. Then she knew that she had tripped on her skirt. It was almost down to the ground. Now of course Sally didn't want to admit that she knew she was getting smaller, so she ran upstairs. At first she thought she might make her dress shorter, but Sally didn't know much about sewing. One time her mother had made a dress for her doll just like the one Sally was wearing, so she quickly took off her dress and put on the doll's dress.

For a while she did very well with her doll clothes. But she was so small

that the family hardly ever knew where she was. They were very likely to step on her. She would climb up the leg of a chair and sit on it, and some one was likely to come along and sit right on top of her. Even her beautiful black cat or old Rover was likely to curl up on top of her.

Soon her bed was much too big for her, so Mother made a bed for her out of an eggshell, and for a while they kept her in this. Imagine! She wasn't any bigger now than a little wee chicken.

Of course Sally was so small that she couldn't really play games with the other children. One day they had a Maypole dance. Sally wanted very much to dance, but she couldn't reach the ribbons, and she couldn't keep up with the other children.

Of course Sally's father and mother loved her very much, even though she

didn't do the things they wanted her to do. Every day they hoped something would happen to make Sally eat again.

II

In order not to lose her, Sally's father put her in a tiny little box so that he might carry her around in his pocket. Of course he made holes in the top so Sally could get fresh air.

One day Sally was in her father's coat pocket. She grew tired of the dark corner and began to climb around in the pocket. There was a tiny hole in the corner of it, and *what* do you think happened? Sally fell out of her father's pocket!

Well, you can see that when a little girl no bigger than a tiny box fell down on the ground and looked up in the grass and flowers, she thought she was in a big forest.

Something came crawling along that looked to Sally as big as an elephant. It was a great, big, black ant. Now you know we are told ants are very smart, and this ant must have felt sorry for Sally. He let her climb up on his back and began to crawl away. He crawled up toward the walk, and when they reached the steps Sally climbed off. She was standing on the bottom step wondering how she was ever to get any farther, when along came the man who lived in this house. He almost stepped on Sally, but something made him look down. He thought at first that this was a queer little bug. He stooped down and picked Sally up in his hand. He looked at her and finally he said, "Why, this is a little bit of a girl!" He ran into the house and called his wife.

Now these were very kind people, and when they saw this wee, frightened

little girl, the first thing Mrs. Jones thought of was to give Sally something to eat. "Well, now," she thought, "how can I feed her? She is too little even for a salt spoon." And this is what she did. She put one drop of milk in a bowl and on this drop of milk she put a post toastie.

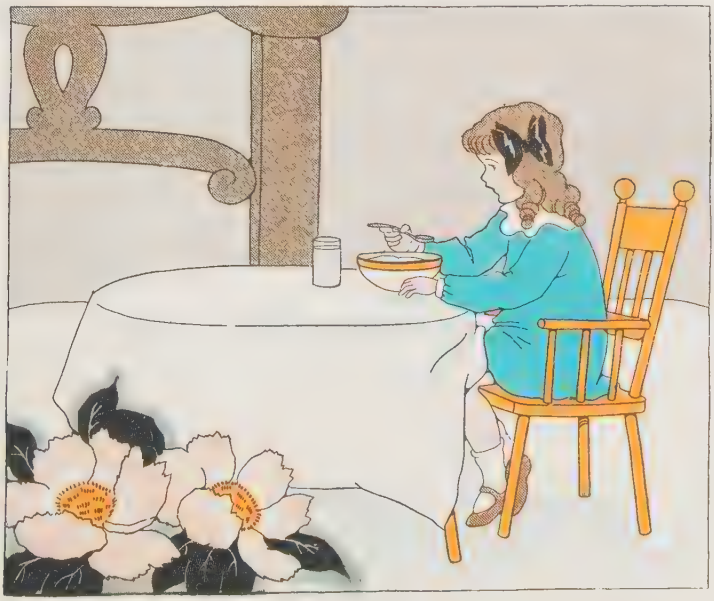
Now you remember Sally hadn't eaten anything for a long, long time. Her voice was so little that they couldn't hear her when she said that she didn't want to eat. So she leaned over and took a teeny tiny piece of the post toastie. How good it tasted to Sally! The next time kind Mrs. Jones looked in the bowl, the milk and post toastie both were gone. So she fed Sally that way for several weeks. Then she began to put some other nice things in the bowl for Sally. She gave her more post toasties and milk, and she hung a leaf of spinach on the side.

It was surprising to Sally how good that spinach was. Another day Mrs. Jones tried to see if Sally would eat a little bit of orange, and she found it all gone when she looked again.

Then what do you think happened? Sally was too big for the bowl.

She had begun to grow!

Mrs. Jones got out her little girl's doll set, and Sally was seated at the



little table and had five meals a day. It was very important to make her grow as fast as possible, and she was so small she couldn't eat much at a time.

Sally kept growing until she was as tall as a kitten and big enough to climb down the steps. Of course Mrs. Jones didn't know where Sally lived or how to find her parents, and Sally couldn't tell her because she didn't know.

III

One day somebody left the gate open, and Sally crawled through. She looked up the street and saw a man coming. She saw that it was her father. Now of course her voice had grown stronger, but it still wasn't the voice of a big girl. She ran up to her father and called him, but he didn't hear her. She pulled his trouser leg, and still he didn't seem to notice.

Sally began to climb up his trouser leg, and finally she reached the pocket of his coat. At first her father thought it was a kitten, and then he looked down, and Sally said, "Daddy, don't you know me?"

Just imagine how Sally's father felt when he saw his little daughter again! He not only found her again, but found her growing.

They rushed to Sally's home and into the house to her mother. Sally told her father and mother all about her adventures.

And now Sally has four glasses of milk every day and some kind of nice vegetable and fruit. She is fast growing big and strong. I expect she is almost as big as you boys and girls, and she is *happy,* too. She doesn't ever want to shrink and be like a little cricket again.

—Author Unknown

Lisa and the Birds

(From the Norwegian)

"Tell me," said little Lisa,
The pretty child so sweet,
"Where do you tiny birdies
Find all you need to eat?"
The little birds in answer
Sang cheerily: "We know!
For us a dainty table
Is spread where'er we go:

The good brown earth, so kindly,
Has scarce a single plant
Which will not feast the birdies
When seeds or fruits they want."

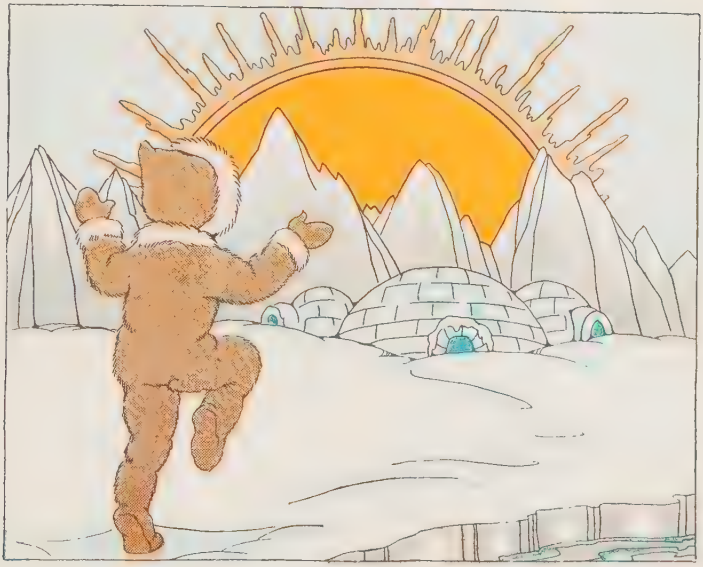
So sang the birds to Lisa;
But Lisa, pitying, said:
"When little birds are tired,
Where can they find a bed?"
Then gaily chirped the birdies:
"In every bush or tree
Where we may choose to build them
We have our dwellings free.
Leaf shaded and leaf hidden
We safely go to rest;
Was never bed more cozy
Than is the birdie's nest."

Still questioned little Lisa:
"But when you wish to drink,
What then?" The birdies warbled:
"We seek the brooklet's brink,

Or sip the dew of morning
  Which every leaf holds up;
Or take with joy the raindrops
  From some bright flower's cup.
And many a spring and fountain
  And many a wayside pool
Their sparkling waters offer,
  So fresh and pure and cool."

Then said the loving Lisa:
"When winter cold is here
And everything is frozen,
  Oh, you will starve, I fear!"
Again the birds chirped gaily:
"O little maiden kind,
We fly to lands of sunshine
  Where summer joys we find.
And for the birds who stay here
  Ev'n when cold winter comes,
Some child as sweet as you, dear,
  Will surely scatter crumbs."

—Emilie Poulsson



Me-gish-oo, a Little Boy Who Drank Reindeer's Milk

I

Me-gish-oo was a little boy who lived in the white and frozen North. He wore a furry suit that made him look like a little rabbit. His mother and his daddy wore furry suits, too.

His playmates were dogs and the shaggy gray reindeer. All through the

day Me-gish-oo played in the great blue and white outdoors. Because he was always skipping or hopping over the fields of snow, his daddy called him Twinkle-Toes. He had to twinkle all day long in order to keep warm.

When spring came, the sun peeped over the frozen snows and sailed up the sky just like a big red balloon on circus day. The coming of the sun made Twinkle-Toes and his mamma and his daddy very happy. They hopped over the snow and sang a song to welcome the sun.

Twinkle-Toes hopped first on one foot, then on the other, and sang to the sun:

"Good morning, big red sun;
And how are you today?
I love you very much because
You drive the night away
And coax the pretty little flowers
Out of their beds of snow."

Hopping, singing, and tumbling over the shining white snow with his big, barking dogs, Twinkle-Toes was happy all day long.

One day his mamma said: "You are a nice big boy now, so I shall make for you a warm grown-up suit out of reindeer hide."

She made a pair of trousers out of the shaggy hide of a reindeer. She made a little blouse with a hole in the top, so Twinkle-Toes could poke his head into it.

Then she said: "You are always twinkling around in the cold, cold snow, so I shall make a pair of warm boots for you."

She chewed a piece of reindeer's hide until it was very soft, and out of it she made a pretty pair of boots for her little son.

Then she said: "You must have a handsome red and white vest, so your

daddy will know whether you are a little rabbit tumbling over the snow or his little son Twinkle-Toes.''

So she made a bright red and white vest for him.

After that his daddy always said: ''I can't shoot *that* little rabbit, for he wears a red vest, so he must be my little son Twinkle-Toes!''

When Twinkle-Toes was dressed up in his new suit, his mamma said: ''Now you are a little man from your woolly cap to your pretty boots. You may follow your daddy and your big brothers and help to guard our reindeer from wolves.''

The pretty new boots were padded with dried grass, so his little twinkly toes were as warm as five little mice in a nest. His big, furry cap covered up his ears and his chin, so he skipped out over the frozen snow and twinkled harder than ever.

The very next day his daddy said: "The snow has covered the moss so our reindeer dig and dig with their forefeet and find nothing to eat. We must drive them far to the south into sunny valleys, so they may find food and give us warm, rich milk to drink."

II

Today Twinkle-Toes' daddy and big brothers were going to drive the reindeer over the frozen snows to the south. His mamma called: "Come, Twinkle-Toes, you must eat a nice warm breakfast, so you can help drive the reindeer."

So Twinkle-Toes went into the little tent and sat on a reindeer skin while his mamma filled a little wooden bowl with warm reindeer's milk for him to drink.

Twinkle-Toes drank the milk, and it made him feel as if he could skip and run a whole mile. Then he shouted gaily: "Hi-yi-yi! Hi-yi-yi! I am ready to start!"

Twinkle-Toes saw a great herd of reindeer. His mamma and his little sister climbed into a sled drawn by a team of reindeer. Twinkle-Toes put on his skis, called his dogs, and soon

they were off over the frozen snow. It was just like a circus parade.

Twinkle-Toes was very happy on his new skis, for he could fly over the snow like a bird. Now he began to feel grown up because he was helping to drive his daddy's reindeer. Before long he felt so very grown up that he said to himself: "I am going to ski down this hill just the way my daddy does!"

Before you could wink three times he was flying downhill just as if he had wings on his heels. The little pine trees said to each other: "Just look at Twinkle-Toes! He can ski downhill just as his daddy does!"

That was a very long hill, much longer than it looked at the top. By the time Twinkle-Toes reached the middle of it, the hill seemed just like a mountain. He wondered if he would ever, ever reach the bottom.

He began to be sorry that he had felt so grown up. Then he drew up his legs and jumped right into the air!

Right underneath him at the end of his jump was a big, big reindeer with large horns. Twinkle-Toes spread his knees far apart and landed right on that reindeer's back!

The reindeer did not like to have a little boy on his back, so he kicked up a lot of snow and went galloping away. All that Twinkle-Toes could do was to hold fast to the reindeer's big neck. The reindeer flew on and on over the deep snow. The reindeer seemed to be saying, "Get off! Get off! Get off!" but Twinkle-Toes did not have time to get off, he was too busy holding on. The snow under the reindeer's hoofs said, "Jump, jump!" but he was afraid to jump. So he shut his eyes and held fast to the reindeer.

Pretty soon he looked up, and the blue sky was flying along very fast. He looked down, and he saw the shining snow going as fast as the sky. The little lakes with the wild ducks on them were going over and over, just like pictures when you turn the pages of a book.

Then Twinkle-Toes cried: "I am sure this old reindeer will take me far away, and I shall never see my daddy and my mother again!"

Just as Twinkle-Toes said that the big reindeer suddenly stopped running. He stopped so quickly that poor Twinkle-Toes flew right off over the reindeer's head.

III

The next thing Twinkle-Toes knew, his daddy was pulling him out of a snowdrift. His mother jumped out of her big sled and felt Twinkle-Toes' head and his arms and his legs. As soon as she found that they were all in their proper places, she said: "You bad little Twinkle-Toes, how did you ever get on the back of your daddy's biggest reindeer?"

Twinkle-Toes was feeling very cold and a little queer, so he blinked his shiny eyes and said: "Why, I thought I was going far away."

"Dear me!" said his little mamma. "How cold Twinkle-Toes is! We must

give him some nice warm reindeer's milk to warm him up."

His mamma poured the warm reindeer's milk into the little wooden bowl. Twinkle-Toes drank a little of it, and it warmed his cold ears. He drank a little more, and he remembered just exactly how he got on the back of his daddy's reindeer. He drank all the rest of the warm, creamy milk, and it warmed his ten toes so that they twinkled quite as merrily as ever.

When he told his daddy how he had felt grown up and had come down the long, long hill right on the back of that reindeer, his daddy said: "You must not try to grow up too fast. You must drink a great deal of reindeer's milk before you can grow into a big, strong man. Reindeer's milk makes little boys get big and strong, so they can ski down hills without landing on a reindeer's back as my son Twinkle-Toes did!"

Twinkle-Toes was glad enough to climb into the sled and cuddle up to his mamma and his plump little sister. He listened to the reindeers' hoofs as they trotted over the snow. Soon he was fast asleep, dreaming of the flowers he would find when they reached the warm valley far below them.

—Elizabeth Blaine Jenkins

Some Things to Tell

1. Why was Me-gish-oo called Twinkle-Toes?
2. Describe the clothes Twinkle-Toes' mamma made for him.
3. Why did Twinkle-Toes wear clothes made of fur?
4. What did he drink for breakfast?
5. Have you ever seen skis? If you have, tell about them.
6. What happened to Twinkle-Toes when the reindeer suddenly stopped running?
7. Why did Twinkle-Toes' daddy drive his reindeer to the south?
8. What did Twinkle-Toes' daddy tell him he would have to do so he would grow big and strong?

How Patty Gave Thanks

Ah! how warm it was in the barn that cold November night! Farmer Gray shut all the doors as if it were winter weather. Then he went away glad to think that the animals were warm and comfortable for the night. No sooner had he gone than a cow raised her head and gave a faint moo.

"News!" she said. "News! Something beautiful happened to me today. It was just before I was turned out into the field this morning. Little Patty came running up to me and began to stroke my forehead. 'You good old cow!' said she. 'I had some milk to drink at breakfast, and I know who gave it to me, so I have come to say, "Thank you." Mother told me this morning that this was "Thank You Day"'; and then the dear child put a sweet apple into my mouth and laughed to hear me eat it! I am so glad that my milk is good and rich. And Patty thanked me for butter and cream and for her papa's cheese, too—the grateful child!"

"You are right, Neighbor Cow; a grateful child she is," said the farm horse. "I was in the stall just before I took the family to church, and little Patty came to see me, too. She

thanked me for all the rides she had had on my back. Then, bless her heart! she reached up and gave me a big bunch of sweet-smelling hay. I tell you I'll trot my prettiest the next time I have her in the carriage!" Bob gave a pleased neigh as he said this, and a noise came from the sheep barn. The sheep barn joined the larger barn, and at the doorway between stood a sheep, who began to speak in her own way.

"So little Patty went to you, too, did she? I can tell you I was surprised when she brought me and the rest of the flock an extra dish of salt this morning. 'This is to say "Thank you," good sheep,' said she. 'We talked about you in the kindergarten. I know our balls are made of your wool. Yes, and my new mittens, my flannel petticoat, my stockings, my winter coat and dress, Jackie's winter clothes, and

the blankets—and, oh, so many things! How funny you would look with them all on your back!' Then she felt of my wool and patted me gently with her little hand. I do hope that my fleece will be a good heavy one this year, and how I wish that the wool might be used for little Patty!"

"Well, well!" said the cow. "The child did make it a real 'Thank You Day,' I am sure. Besides thanking me, and you, Bob, and you, Mrs. Fleecy, I heard the hens saying today that she had given them corn by the handful. She was saying 'Thank you' to them for the eggs they had given her. She told them that she liked the eggs for breakfast, and that her mamma made cake with them, too. I wonder what put it into her head to come and thank us all."

"It was her good little heart that put it into her head," said Bob, wisely.

"I think I know the reason why she came today. As I was trotting along the road to and from church, I heard the family talking a good deal about today being Thanksgiving Day. And when Patty's grandpapa asked her if she knew why Thanksgiving Day was kept, she said: 'Oh, yes! It is the day

to say "Thank you" for everything. That is why I hurried out to the barn this morning.'

"'And to whom did you say "Thank you" out there, little Patty?' asked her grandpapa.

"'Why, to all of them,' answered Patty, 'to Bob, to Moolly Cow, and to the sheep and the hens.'

"'Very good,' said her grandpapa, 'very good indeed, little Thankful-heart. I am glad you thought of the kind, useful creatures from whom we get so many things for our pleasure and comfort.'"

As Bob repeated what Patty's grandpapa had said, Mrs. Fleecy gave a little jump of delight, and Moolly Cow heaved a sigh of deep satisfaction. Such kind, grateful words are pleasant to any ears.

It was now bedtime, and the animals began to settle themselves for

their night's rest. Mrs. Fleecy went back to her friends in the sheep barn; Moolly Cow sank down in her stall; and Bob, after stamping and tramping a few times, bent his long legs under him and lay down upon his fresh straw bedding. But before they went to sleep they spoke again of how happy dear little Patty had made them with her thanks and her gifts.

—Emilie Poulsson

Right or Wrong

Read the sentences below. Answer "Right" or "Wrong."

1. It was a warm November night.
2. Patty thanked the cow for giving her milk to drink.
3. Patty gave the horse a sweet, juicy apple to eat.
4. Flannel dresses are made from the wool from the sheep.
5. Patty thanked the chickens for giving her wool for her clothes.
6. Patty was a kind and grateful little girl.

Food

Do you ever think of what you would like to be when you are grown up? If you are a boy, you may want to be a football player, or a soldier, or a doctor. If you are a girl, you may want to be a teacher, a nurse, or a mother. Whatever you do, the thing you will need most is a strong body.

One of the most important things you can do to build a strong body, and to keep it strong, is to eat plenty of the right kinds of food.

There are many different kinds of food. The ones that are the best for you are vegetables, fruits, cereals, and milk. Can you name some of the vegetables, fruits, and cereals that you eat? Some of these foods you may like very well. There may be some you do not want to eat. You should learn to like and to eat every kind of

good food. The body needs many different kinds of food to make it grow strong.

Milk

Milk is one of the best foods for children. It makes strong bones and good teeth. It helps to build up strong muscles. Milk will make every part of your body grow.

Milk will help you to grow, to work, and to play. So drink a glass of milk with each meal.

Vegetables

Of course you like the nice green vegetables that grow in your garden or that you buy in the market. Vegetables help to keep you well and to make you grow strong. Some of the vegetables you should eat are spinach, carrots, beans, peas, lettuce, turnips, tomatoes, onions, and beets. There are many others that you may name.

You should eat at least two kinds of vegetables every day. Try to eat different kinds of vegetables, especially during the summer, when there are so many in the market.

Fruits

Was there ever a boy or a girl who didn't like a juicy red apple or a big yellow orange? And how good these fruits are for boys and girls! You should eat some fruit every day.

Some of the fresh fruits that are good for you are apples, oranges, pears, and plums. Figs and dates are also good. Name other fruits you like?

Eat cooked fruits, too, such as prunes, dried peaches, pears, and apricots. Can you name other cooked fruits that you like?

Remember always to wash well the skins of fresh fruits before you eat them. The skins are good for you when they are clean.

Cereals

What a fine food oatmeal is for boys and girls! Doesn't it make you happy to see a nice big bowl of oatmeal ready for your breakfast? Many kinds of cereal are good for you. Name some of the cereals that you like to eat.

Some kind of cereal should be eaten every day. It may be eaten for breakfast or for the evening meal.

Sweets

Most boys and girls like sweets. Some of the sweet foods that are good for you are figs, dates, honey, and maple syrup.

If you eat plenty of these sweet foods, you will not be so hungry for the sweets that are not so good for you. Candy, cake, and pie should be eaten only in very small amounts. The best time to eat these sweets is right after a meal.

Water

You need pure water as well as food to build a strong body. You should drink at least four glasses of water a day. Drink a glass of water when you get up in the morning, and one before each meal. If you drink water at mealtime, drink it after you have swallowed your food. Do not wash your food down with a drink of water.

Coffee and Tea

Boys and girls should not drink coffee or tea. Coffee and tea are not foods. They often keep children from growing and from being well and strong.

Eat Slowly

Take plenty of time for every meal. Do not hurry when eating. Remember to get up early enough in the morning so that you will have time to eat a good breakfast and chew your food well.

Things to Remember

Drink a glass of milk with each meal.

Eat at least two kinds of vegetables every day.

Eat some fresh or cooked fruit every day.

Eat oatmeal or some other cereal every day.

Eat candy, cookies, and other sweets in small amounts and only after meals.

Drink at least four glasses of water every day.

Do not drink coffee or tea.

Eat slowly and chew your food well.

FRESH AIR AND EXERCISE

Vacation Song

When study and school are over,
How jolly it is to be free,
Away in the field of clover,
The honey-sweet haunts of the bee.

Away in the woods to ramble,
Where, merrily all day long,
The birds in the bush and bramble
Are filling the summer with song.

Away in the dewy valley
To follow the murmuring brook,
Or sit on its banks and dally
Awhile with a line and hook.

Away from the stir and bustle,
The noise of the town left behind;
Vacation for sport and muscle,
The winter for study and mind.

So play till the face grows ruddy,
And muscles grow bigger, and then
Go back to the books and study;
We'll find it as pleasant again.

—Frank Dempster Sherman

The Great Sky Medicine

I

Many years ago an Indian village stood on the shore of a wide blue lake. The houses in this village were made of two rows of young trees bent together overhead and fastened with strips of buffalo hide. The walls were made of the bark of trees, so the houses would be warm in winter. Do you know that the Indian houses are often called "lodges"? In one of the largest and handsomest of these lodges lived Cheeda, the son of an Indian chief.

Cheeda wore a soft leather tunic trimmed with red and blue beads, and moccasins trimmed with beads, too. In his black hair he wore a feather, so his playmates would not forget that he was the son of a chief. His skin was brown, and shiny like a new penny.

Early spring came and the snow all melted away. The grass was already green. Cheeda hopped merrily about on one little moccasin because he heard the first robin sing. He put on a new tunic that was covered with green and yellow beads, and stuck a red feather in his hair. He said to his squaw mother: "I am wearing the pretty tunic you made for me, because the birds are coming back from the south wind's country. It will soon be the moon of dancing flowers."

His squaw mother smiled. The big chief father said: "It is good to wear a new tunic with green and yellow beads, but it is better to grow tall and straight and strong, so that some day you may be a big chief like your father."

Now Cheeda wanted very much to be a big chief with feathers on his head and beads on his blanket, so he

asked: "What must I do to grow up tall and strong?"

His father pointed to three little pine trees. One was thin and humped like an old man. One was fat and bent like an old squaw. One was strong and straight and lifted its head to the sun.

His big chief father said: "If you walk with your shoulders straight and always look up at the sunshine, you will be straight and strong like the little chief pine."

Cheeda did not forget what his father said. When he went to the woods to play, he tried to hold his head up and look at the sunshine, so he would grow like the little chief pine tree.

He felt so happy that he cut small branches from a tree and made a whistle. He blew on his whistle until it sounded as if birds were singing.

He ran to show his new plaything to a pretty little Indian girl called Windflower. He peeped in at her lodge door and blew upon his whistle: "Cheer-i-lee! Cheeri-la! Coo-coo!"

Windflower was sewing beads on a band for her head, but she left her work and cried: "There is my playmate, Cheeda. He is trying to make me think he is a bird, but I see his new tunic behind the bush." Then she ran out to play with Cheeda in the woods of spring.

Cheeda thought Windflower was very pretty. Her cheeks were red as berries and her eyes were very bright. She was straight and looked up at the sunshine like the little chief pine. Cheeda said: "You shall be my little lodge keeper when we grow up. You are tall and straight, the way a chief's lodge keeper should be."

Windflower replied: "But you must first build a lodge for me, as my father did for my mother."

II

So Cheeda and Windflower went into the woods and built a playhouse lodge. They played that they were grown up.

"North wind shall not creep into our warm little lodge," said Cheeda and Windflower.

Then Windflower gathered sweet-smelling grass and wove it into

baskets. She said, "I must gather corn, roots, berries, and nuts, and store them in my baskets, so that we may have them to eat when the long, cold winter comes."

Then they found a big, hollow stone and carried it into the playhouse lodge. They put corn in it and pounded the corn into flour.

Windflower said: "How good it will taste when we make it into porridge."

"Now you must grow up and I must grow up," said Cheeda, "so we can keep house in our leafy lodge."

All summer long they worked, making their lodge ready for winter. Then the old north wind came blowing in at the lodge door. "Whoo-oo! Let me in!" it whistled. The robins sang their last song in the trees. Then they flew away to the south wind's country.

The snow clouds came sailing out of the north, and the old bear said: "I must make my bed deep in the rocks and go to my long winter sleep."

Beaver, chipmunk, and squirrel all built winter homes and hid themselves away from the old north wind. When the animals were all safe in warm nests, Cheeda and Windflower were snug in their fathers' homes.

The north wind stayed for a long, long time. The animals and fish hid themselves so far away that the hunters could not find them at all. After many cold days everyone got hungry, for the men could find no meat.

They soon ate all the corn, nuts, roots, and berries, even the food that Cheeda and Windflower had stored in their playhouse lodge.

Windflower had not eaten good, warm food for such a long time that

her cheeks grew pale. At last she drooped just like the little humped-over pine. This made Cheeda unhappy, for he was afraid Windflower would never lift her pretty head up to the sunshine again.

III

At last the cold north wind was driven away. Birds, animals, and fish

came out of their hiding places, so the hunters found meat. But Windflower's cheeks grew paler and paler. After a time she sat quietly and did not play any more.

Cheeda filled the baskets in their playhouse lodge. But Windflower was very tired and did not play at housekeeping. This made Cheeda sad.

At last Cheeda said: "I must find the way to make Windflower well and strong again."

He went to the lodge of an old, old squaw who told beautiful stories. Cheeda asked her how he might make Windflower well again. The old squaw replied: "Listen to this story, then you will know."

This is the tale the old squaw told Cheeda:

"Up in the sky there is a land of light. All good Indians go there when they die, and live happily with the

birds, the animals, and the fish. One day their big chief said: 'The men down on earth are getting thin and weak. Some one must take sky medicine to them.'

"'We will fly down with it,' said the birds.

"'We will swim down with it,' said the fish.

"'We will run down with it,' said the animals.

"They all tried to take sky medicine to earth, but not one could break through the sky to the earth. An old crow sat there saying nothing but pecking hard.

"The birds, the fish, and the animals said: 'Look at the crow trying to peck a hole in the sky!'

"The old crow pecked on. At last he pecked a big round hole in the sky, and let sky medicine through to give health and strength to earth men."

IV

Cheeda thought about the old squaw's story for a long time. One day, when he heard a robin singing, he walked through the woods toward Windflower's lodge. Suddenly the sun, round and bright, peeped at him through the pine trees. Cheeda was so excited he shouted with joy: "Hi-yi-yi! I have found sky medicine! The sun is the hole in the sky where the light shines through and brings health to men!"

He ran at once and told his father and Windflower's father. His father, the big chief, said: "Put Windflower out in the sunshine every day. Let us see if sky medicine will make her lift up her head and walk again like the little chief pine."

Every day they made a bed out in the sunshine, so sky medicine could shine on Windflower all day long. She covered herself with robes and tried

to eat good, warm food, so she would get strong again.

Cheeda came and played bird songs on his whistle and watched to see if Windflower would lift her head. After a time she began to get strong and to lift her head, just like a thirsty little flower after a rain. Then one day something happened that made Cheeda very happy. When he blew his whistle, Windflower ran to meet him. She was happy again, and as straight and tall as the little chief pine.

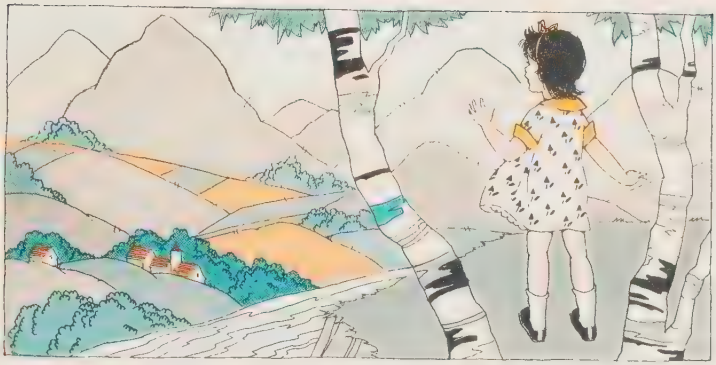
She laughed merrily, as a little girl should, and said: "Oh, how I should love to play in our little lodge in the woods!"

Cheeda leaped up in the air for joy and cried: "Sky medicine has given me my happy little playmate again!"

—Elizabeth Blaine Jenkins

Some Questions to Answer

1. How were the Indian lodges made?
2. Why did Cheeda wear a feather in his hair?
3. What did Cheeda's father tell him to do so he would be tall and strong?
4. Why did Cheeda think that Windflower was pretty?
5. What were some of the foods Cheeda and Windflower stored for winter?
6. Why could the men not find meat during the long, cold winter?
7. Why did Windflower grow pale during the long winter?
8. Tell the tale the old squaw told.
9. What made Windflower well and strong again?



The Wonderful World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And the people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to Father and Mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

—William Brighty Rands

What Made the Family Cross

It was a very cold winter evening. The wind whistled and moaned about the house where Peggy and her brother Billy lived. But inside the house it was warm and cozy. Peggy and Billy were playing a game on the table in the living room. Mother was doing the week's mending, and Daddy was reading a new book. Baby Jane sat on the floor cooing and playing with her Teddy bear. The old grandfather clock in the corner slowly ticked away the minutes.

Very soon Billy began to feel sleepy, although it was not nearly bedtime. "I don't want to play any more," he said, and lay down on the couch. Then Peggy, who was usually a very good little girl, became cross.

"I wish you would play just once more," she said. "You said you would."

"Well, I won't. I am too tired," replied her brother. And then Peggy stamped her foot and pushed the game across the table.

"Oh, Peggy," said Mother, "please try to be more quiet. I have such a headache."

So Peggy lay down on the couch beside her brother.

Father got up and looked out of the window. It was snowing great big flakes. "If it weren't so cold out there, I would go for a walk," he said. "It is so hot in here." And he took off his coat.

Baby Jane, who was still playing on the floor, was the only one of the family who was happy and contented. She did not seem hot or tired or cross. What could be the matter with the others?

All of a sudden Peggy jumped up from the couch. She had noticed that something was wrong, and now she knew what it was.

"Mother," she cried, "I know now why you have a headache, and Daddy feels hot, and Billy and I are sleepy and cross. It is because we need fresh air. I learned at school that we must

always have plenty of cool, fresh air to breathe."

"Why, I believe you are right, Peggy," said Mother. "I shall open one window a little way from the top so that the hot, bad air can get out, and I shall open another window a little way from the bottom so that the cool, fresh air can come in." So Mother opened the windows just a little, and in a very short time everyone felt much better.

"I guess it really pays to learn and remember things like that," said Father as he smiled at Peggy.

"Yes, it does," agreed Mother, as she rocked comfortably, her headache all gone.

After that she always made sure that even in the coldest weather the windows were open to let in the pure, fresh air.

—Ruth Lucia Manning

Talk

All around me things are talking.
The leaves of little trees
Keep whispering their secrets
To every little breeze.

And when I play beside the brook,
Sometimes for all day long,
There's not a minute's stillness
Without the Water's song.

The Humming Birds keep humming.
The Bees are buzzing, too.
The wind is whistling in the sky.
The Lark sings all day through.

I wonder what they say and sing
Through night and daylight hours.
I think they talk and sing, because
They're glad they live outdoors.

—Frances Gill

Fresh Air and Exercise

Fresh Air Outdoors

Everyone needs a great deal of fresh air. Boys and girls should spend as much time as possible outdoors in the fresh air. And what fine times you can have playing outdoors!

In the winter you can skate, coast, or run and play in the snow. Even though it is nice and warm indoors and cold outdoors, it is better for you to put on warm clothing and go out into the fresh air and play. If you run and play outdoors, you will be as warm as though you had stayed in the house. How fresh you will feel when you go into the house! If you dress warmly, there are only a few days in the winter when it is so cold that you cannot play outdoors.

In the summer you can swing, wade in the water, and play in the parks.

And what would you do without the sunshine? Do you know that a little plant cannot grow when it is kept in a dark place where the sun cannot shine on it? And do you know that boys and girls cannot grow to be strong and well if they do not have plenty of sunshine? You should all play outdoors in the sunshine whenever you can.

How much better you feel if you play outdoors at recess than if you stay in the classroom!

Boys and girls who run and play outdoors in the fresh air and sunshine will grow stronger and be happier than those who stay indoors to play.

Fresh Air Indoors

Even though you play outdoors a great deal, it is necessary for you to spend much of your time indoors. You spend some of your time in

school, and some of your time in your own home.

When you are indoors, how much better you feel if you have plenty of fresh air!

To let in plenty of fresh air, the windows should be open at the top and at the bottom. Even on the coldest days the windows should be open enough to let in fresh air.

You need as much fresh air when you are asleep as you do when you are awake. Your bedroom windows should be open at both the top and the bottom while you are asleep.

Things to Remember

Play as much as you can in the fresh air.

Play outdoors in the winter as well as in the summer.

Playing in the sunshine helps you to grow strong and healthy.

Have plenty of fresh air indoors both in summer and in winter.

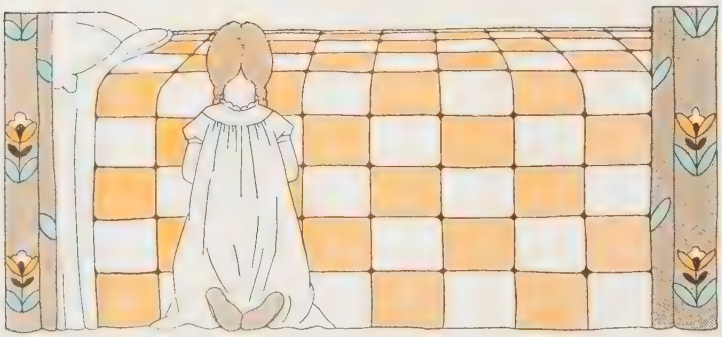
Good-Night and Good-Morning

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded
it right
And said, "Dear work, good-night,
good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! Bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

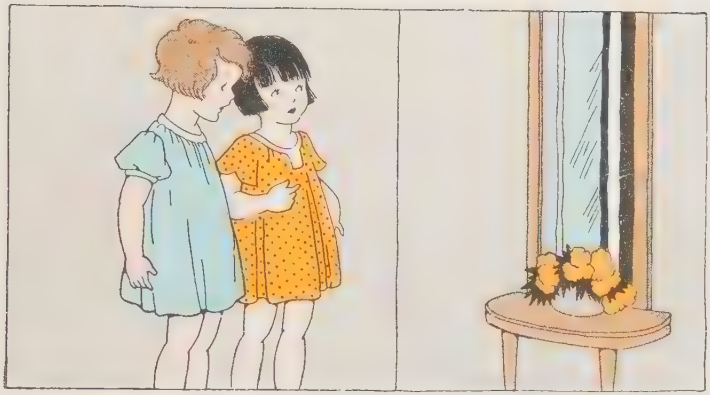
She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world and never could sleep.



The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! Our work is begun."

—Richard Monckton Milnes



The Lesson of the Looking Glass

Aunt Ellen had told the children it was bedtime.

"I think it's too early to go to bed," said Betty.

"So do I," said Dorothy. "It is as early as early can be, and we're just in the middle of the most exciting game. I have four points and Betty has three. Oh! do let us sit up a little longer!"

"No, it's half-past seven," said their aunt, "and that's bedtime. You can keep all the cards just as they are on the table, and begin to play

again tomorrow after school. Now run upstairs to bed."

"I think you might let us play just five minutes," said Betty.

"Please, Aunt Ellen," said Dorothy.

The two girls had begun to tease. Of course teasing is the worst way to get anything, so their aunt sent them upstairs at once.

They pouted, tossed back their heads, and said that she was cross. Then they stamped up the stairs as if they had been camels. But soon they both burst out laughing.

"What is it?" called their aunt.

"Oh, Aunt Ellen," they called back over the stairs, "we just looked in the glass, and our faces looked so ugly, queer, and silly that we couldn't keep from laughing. So now we're not angry any more. Do come and kiss us good-night."

—Ella Lyman Cabot

The Little Toad Who Wouldn't Go to Sleep

I

Baby Toad climbed out of the water, and sat on a stone beside Mother Toad. He was saying, "What a handsome, speckly person I am!" when the blue June sky got dark, and it began to rain. Tinky-tink-tink! It sounded just like little fairy feet skipping over the water.

"Dear me! This funny old world does something new every day!" said the little toad. He had never seen the rain before.

Mrs. Mother Toad replied, "My son, I will give you some advice. When it rains, it is a very fine time to hop along in the world."

"Why should I hop along in the world when I am very happy here?" said the little toad.

"Why—because it is the proper thing to do!" replied his mamma, as she hopped on. So the little toad followed his mamma right through the soft rain because it was the proper thing to do.

His speckled legs were fine legs, and they hopped him over the ground very fast. Plunk! Plunk! On and on he went until he hopped right into a beautiful garden of flowers. All the flowers were glad to see him. They

nodded their gay blue, red, and golden heads and said, "Here comes another toad! He will eat the worms and bugs that spoil the pretty flowers. How do you do, little fellow?"

"Now, my son," said Mother Toad, "did you hear the flowers say, 'Good day'?"

"I did," replied her little son.

"They have welcomed you to their garden. This will make a nice home, so you had better stay right here and work for your living!" said Mother Toad. So the little toad stayed in the beautiful garden, because his mamma told him it was the proper thing to do.

What a pretty, pleasant little home it was! Birds flew down out of the blue sky and drank water from a dancing little fountain. Every night the big, warm sun went down behind tall trees. The pleasant little stars came out and winked in the sky.

The little toad put out his little tongue and caught a fine dinner. He ate the bugs and worms that came to spoil the pretty flowers. When he had eaten enough, he looked at the stars and enjoyed the summer night. He thought, "How very pleasant this world is if one always does the proper thing!"

II

One summer day after another passed, and the little toad was happy. When it rained, he drank water through his speckled skin. When the sun shone, he hopped among his flower friends, or just sat still in the cool grass. Sometimes a cat would come pitty-pitty-pat through the flowers and pat the little toad with his paw. The little toad did not like this at all. He would puff himself into a big ball and frighten the cat away—for that is the proper way for a toad to do.

Everything went well until autumn came. The nights grew cold, and the flowers bowed their heads. The birds were going south for the winter. The little squirrel who lived in an oak tree gathered nuts and hid them in the brown earth. The trees turned golden and red, and their leaves fell softly all day long.

"Good-by!" sang the birds, as they flew toward the south.

"Good-by, my friend!" said the squirrel, as he moved into the warm tree trunk for a winter nap.

"Good-by, little speckly toad! We are going into the brown earth until winter is gone," whispered the flowers.

"But why are you doing that, when we are so happy here?" asked the little toad.

"Proper thing to do-woo-woo," howled the north wind. But the little toad wouldn't go into the earth and take his nap.

The little toad was cold and lonesome. The bugs and worms were gone, so he was hungry, too.

His mother came along and said, "When autumn comes, it is time for little toads to go to sleep. Dig a nice hole for yourself, deep in the warm earth, and hibernate!"

"What is 'hibernate'?" asked the little toad.

"Why—that means to go to sleep and sleep hard until spring," said his mother, as she began to dig in the soft brown earth.

The toad said crossly, "Go to sleep in the ground? Why, that won't be one bit of fun--just to sleep in an old hole in the ground."

"If you do not sleep, you will miss all the happiness of the morning of

spring,'' replied his mother. Then she went to bed in the warm brown earth. The sun smiled as if he *knew* she was doing the proper thing!

The little toad put his head into the hole and called to his mamma, ''I shan't go to bed, for I'm tired of doing the proper thing!''

III

So he wouldn't go to sleep and he *wouldn't* go to sleep! He got thinner and thinner. He could not find any bugs to eat, so he got hungry. Then one day little, white, fluttering things fell from the sky. The little toad put out his tongue and ate one, for he thought it was a new kind of bug. But the little white thing was very cold. The poor little toad had swallowed a snowflake. Oh! how cold it made his little empty stomach. He was frightened! The snowflakes began to tumble

out of the sky in flocks, and the whole world began to turn white.

"Dear me! I *do* wish I had gone to bed in the nice warm earth when my mamma *told* me to go!" the poor little toad cried, as he wiped big tears from his eyes.

"That would have been a *very* proper thing to do!" said the maple tree.

There is no telling what *would* have happened to this poor, speckly toad if the little squirrel hadn't come out of his warm nest. He was going to dig a nut for his lunch. "Dear me! Aren't you in bed *yet?*" he asked.

The little toad sat on a cold gray stone. He said, "No-no, and I wish I had done the proper thing!"

The squirrel replied, "Well, don't cry about it! Just begin digging in this little hole where I hid my nuts, and dig fast. Maybe you can get into bed yet!"

So the little toad began to dig fast. He wanted to do the proper thing now. He dug with all his might into the little hole the squirrel had made.

The ground was cold and hard, so he had to dig with all his might. The tears ran down his nose, and he wiped them away. His back ached, but he still dug fast. Down, down into the earth he

dug, and all the time the old north wind was saying, "Woo-oo-oo! I'll get you!"

"Oh, no, you won't! I'm almost through!" said the little toad joyfully. He crawled into his warm little hole and covered himself with a blanket of brown earth. He curled himself up in a tight ball, while sweet, low voices whispered, "Glad to see you, little toad!"

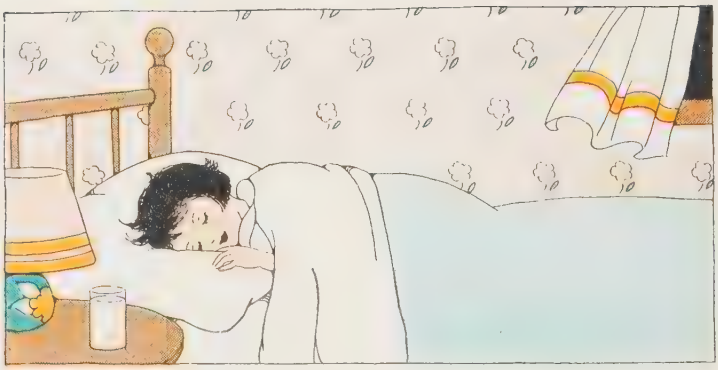
"Ah! so you have come to bed at last!"

"Call me if I sleep too late on the morning of spring!"

They were the voices of the flowers, who had gone to sleep in the earth at the right time, so they could get up happy and bright on the beautiful morning of spring. So it happened that the little toad did the proper thing at last!

When bedtime comes, it is best to do the proper thing.

—Elizabeth Blaine Jenkins—Adapted



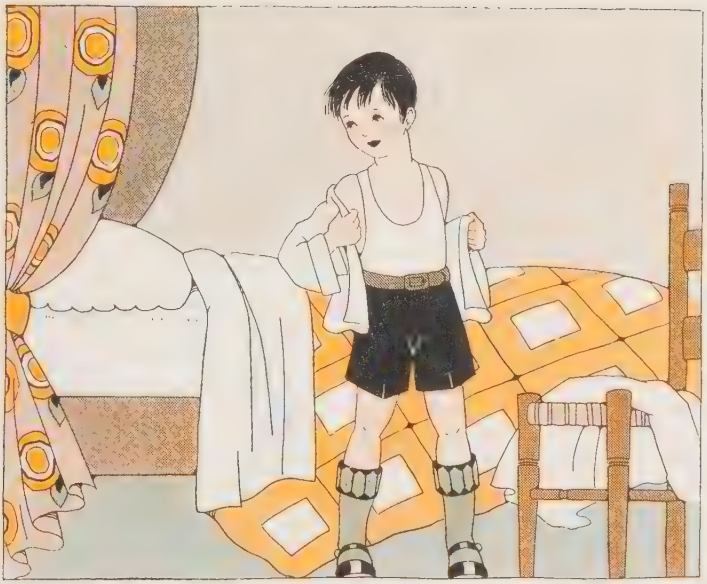
A Child's Evening Prayer

When I'm put to bed today,
Both my eyes I'll shut and say:
"Father, till the morning light,
Watch my little bed tonight!

"All the people in all lands
Take unto your loving hands;
Old and young and great and small,
From all danger guard them all.

"Give the sick ones gentle sleep,
Dry the eyes of those that weep,
And, please, leave the moon to light
All poor travelers through the night."

—Alfred P. Graves



Sleep

You all know how rested and happy you feel in the morning after you have had a long night of sleep. Sleep rests your body and helps you to grow strong. It is better for you to go to bed early in the evening and get up early in the morning feeling fresh and bright, than it is to go to bed late at night and sleep late in the morning.

You should go to bed early and at a regular hour. This helps you to form the fine habit of long and regular hours of rest.

If possible, sleep alone.

Getting Ready for Bed

There are some things you should always do before you go to bed. Wash your hands, face, neck, and ears before you go to bed. Brush your teeth thoroughly. You will feel better and sleep better if you are clean when you go to bed.

Take off all your clothes and hang them up or put them neatly on a chair. Get the clothes ready that you are going to wear the next day. Then in the morning you will be able to dress quickly.

Put on clean night clothes.

Open the windows so you will have plenty of fresh air. Fresh air makes

you sleep better, and it makes you feel brighter when you get up in the morning.

Things to Remember

Go to bed early.

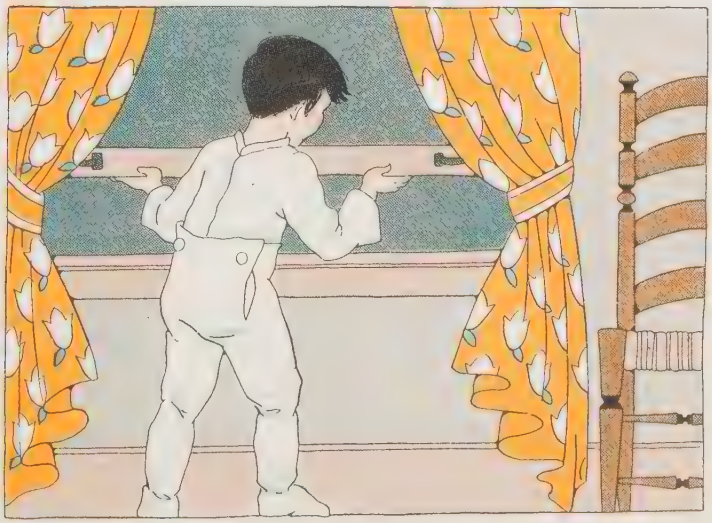
Go to bed at regular hours.

Wash your hands, face, neck, and ears at bedtime.

Brush your teeth.

Take off all day clothing. Put on clean night clothes.

Open the windows.



HEALTH MESSAGES

Letters from Different Lands

All over the world children are being taught how to keep well. In Japan, China, and France, and other countries children are learning what to do to grow into strong men and women.

Often boys and girls from those countries write letters to boys and girls in this country telling of the things they are doing to keep well.

Even though these children live in far-away lands and do many things that are very different from things the children in our land do, their letters tell you that many of their health habits are the same as yours.

How you will enjoy reading some of these letters! The first letter is from a little boy and girl who live in Japan, the Land of Cherry Blossoms. Their names are Kokee and Mitsie.

DEAR NELLY AND DICK:

Your last letter was so strange! Why, Mitsie and I never cry! All Japanese children are gay. There are people everywhere just to make us happy. There is Kiaki, the fairy-story lady. There is Oto San with a hurdy-gurdy, and there is Mici with his funny trained monkeys.

Your letter almost made us sad and unhappy, for we feel sorry for you. Tell us how the paper got those black marks on it, and why you hate to wash your face. I think we had better tell you about Aki, a bad little boy in one of our storybooks.

Aki had a very nice house. His honorable mother was proud of it. Every day she dusted the walls and screens. But Aki grew tired of slipping off his shoes when he came home, and one day he forgot his white stockings. He walked across the floor wearing his sandals.

The next morning Aki would not take his warm morning bath. His honorable mother told him he must find another home. Aki went away without even saying good-by.

Everywhere Aki saw boys and girls with clean faces. He saw clean blouses and trousers. His own clothes were dirty. No one would play with him. At night he went back to his home. He promised his honorable mother he would never behave so badly again. She made him sleep on the doorstep and gave him no supper.

Early the next morning Aki took his bath, as all Japanese children do every day. He was careful to use plenty of soap and to scrub, scrub, scrub. Never again did he fuss about washing. What a happy boy he was when the children asked him to play!

With good wishes for happiness,

Your friends,

KOKEE AND MITSIE

Here is a letter from Marie, a little girl who lives in Sunny France:

DEAR BETTY:

Today has been such a beautiful, happy day for me. Early this morning I went with Father and Mother to our farm. Mother let me wear my clean blue dress and new white cap and apron. My brown shoes were heavy enough so that I did not need rubbers. Often it is a muddy walk. I wish you might have seen Father's fine rows of

beets, carrots, cabbages, and other vegetables. His two rows of walnut trees look really wonderful, too. We all three pulled the biggest vegetables, filling our baskets full. My baskets are smaller, but how pretty they looked! I was proud to carry them on the yoke across my shoulders.

We took them to market. What a sight it is to see all the busy people going around great stands of fruit and vegetables! Many, many persons came to buy our vegetables. Everyone seems to know how good they are. Father says that if I eat plenty of green, leafy vegetables like spinach, cabbage, and lettuce I shall have strong bones. They will help to keep me well and will make me always hungry for lunch or dinner. He says that if I eat beets, carrots, beans, and peas I shall not have headaches or pains in my back. I shall be strong and well, and have a clear skin and bright eyes. Of course I want to be as well as I can, so I eat potatoes and other vegetables for dinner and always a salad for lunch.

We often have thick vegetable soup. I think Mamma is cooking it now. We are going to have cream-cheese sandwiches, too, for I have made them. I wonder what you eat for dinner—yes, and for lunch, too. I do hope that you eat plenty

of vegetables to make you grow. Do write and tell me. I should love to know your health secret. I have told you mine.

Oh, almost everyone has left the yard and gone to dinner! I must hurry in to help my dear Mamma.

Good-by, dear Betty,

Your little friend in France,

MARIE

This is a letter from Jack, who lives in this country. He is writing it to his friend Lui Kwan, who lives in far-away China.

DEAR LUI KWAN:

I am sorry about your teeth. I wish that you did not live in far-away China, the land of the Great Wall. Then I could whisper my secret into your ears. It would make you quite as happy as Chinese children look in picture books. In the books all of you wear cunning hats and soft, pointed shoes. But, of course, if your teeth hurt you, your pretty clothes cannot make you feel like singing. All American, or Golden Hill, children, as you call us, can have good strong teeth if they try, and so can you.

A surprise is in store for you. The postman is to bring you a little box. In it is a tiny brush. It is wrapped in red paper for good luck, just like your New Year's gifts. There is a tube of tooth-paste, too. That is all.

Now, every day you must put some paste—not much—on this brush and use it. Brush every tooth, up and down, inside and out. Do this for a minute by the clock; then rinse your mouth. Right away your teeth and mouth will feel fresher.

You must brush your teeth three times a day—early in the morning before breakfast, after breakfast, and after your dinner or just before you

go to bed. I brush mine four times a day because I eat three meals, but you say you eat only two.

Then there is something else you must do. Drink plenty of milk. Golden Hill children all drink milk, and we do not look one bit like cows, do we? Milk makes strong, white teeth. I drink four large glasses of it every day.

Now, Lui Kwan, you must begin to brush your teeth and drink milk right away. These good-health habits will help to chase away those pains, so that you can eat all the rice you wish.

With best wishes from your American friend,

JACK

—KATHERINE RANGER

Milking Time

When the cows come home the milk is coming;
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, pert little bunny
Winks his nose and sits all sunny.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

SAFETY FIRST

Safety First

I

"I wish I could see a real giant," said Ruth, "not just a big man, like the one we saw at the circus."

"So do I," said Paul. "I'd like to see one like the goblin in the *Arabian Nights*. He was shut up in a bottle, and when he got out he was as tall as a mountain and could do wonders."

"Dear me," said Mother, "did you suppose all the giants were dead, or lived only in storybooks? Why, there are several giants who live right here in our house."

"Where are they? I've never seen them!" cried Paul.

Mother held up a box of matches. "One of the strongest of all the giants," she said, "is shut up in here. His name is Fire. He can be squeezed

into this tiny box, but if you set him free and he finds something to feed on, he can eat up this house, this street, even the whole city. Every year he destroys many, many houses and other buildings, and kills or hurts thousands of people. Oh, he is a strong and greedy giant!''

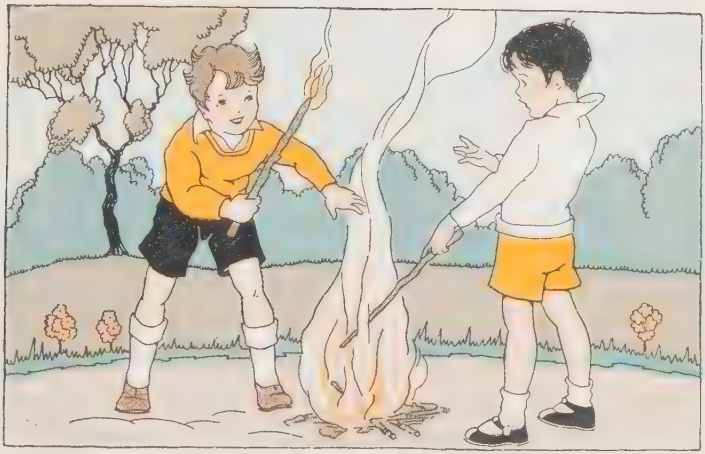
''But we couldn't get along without him, Mother, could we?'' asked Ruth.

"No, indeed not. He warms our houses, cooks our meals, and runs our steam cars. He is very useful. But we must keep him where he belongs, and never let him go free. I always buy 'safety' matches because they won't light on anything but the box. Other matches often get lighted by accident."

"Aunt Louise uses the other kind, but she always keep them in a tin box, so if they do catch fire, the fire won't spread," said Ruth. "She is always very careful to blow them out before she throws them away."

"Yesterday," said Paul, "some of the boys built a bonfire. They put some of the fire in tin cans and swung the cans around."

"Yes, I've often seen them do that," said Mother. "I always think that the fire giant is just waiting for a chance to jump out and catch them.



Children all seem to like Fire, and I don't wonder, for he is beautiful, but he is too dangerous a playfellow. That is the reason most large cities won't allow bonfires in the streets, and also the reason why sensible people have stopped celebrating the Fourth of July with firecrackers. They go on picnics or have some other fun instead."

"Mother, why shouldn't you put gasoline near the fire?" asked Ruth. "Yesterday at Nellie's house her mother was cleaning her gloves with

gasoline. She took them outdoors, so as not to be near the stove."

"Gasoline and kerosene are both dangerous," said Mother. "When the Fire giant smells them, he gives one great leap to get them. That is the reason you should never pour any kind of oil on a fire. If you do, the fire will suddenly jump right up at you. Another thing to remember is that if you ever light the gas oven, you must open the door first."

"What happens if you don't?"

"Sometimes the fire jumps out at you. I know a lady who was badly burned that way. The lace around her neck and sleeves caught fire."

"Goodness! What did she do?" cried Ruth.

"She lay right down on the floor, wrapped a rug around her shoulders, and rolled over and over. The Fire giant, like other folks, has to have air

in order to live. So when he catches you, don't ever run. That makes a breeze and helps him. Lie down and wrap something heavy around you and roll over and over. That will quickly kill the fire."

"We had a fire drill at school yesterday," said Paul. "The whole school marched out in three minutes."

"I am glad," said Mother. "That shows that if a real fire comes, the children won't get frightened and push and run. They will be quiet and brave and march out quickly and in order, so no one will be hurt."

II

"You said there were many giants, Mother. What other giants are there?" asked Paul.

"Well, there is a very wonderful one whose home is in the sky. He lights our streets and runs our trolley

cars, but he is even more dangerous than Fire."

"What's his name?"

"His name is Electricity. You have often seen him flash in the sky during a thunderstorm. Wires over which the electric giant runs are usually carefully guarded, for he is so strong that one touch of his finger can kill. Sometimes a wire breaks and falls into the street."

"Oh, yes," said Paul, "I saw one yesterday when I was coming home from school."

"Those wires usually are safe," said Mother, "but sometimes one is what we call a 'live' wire. That means that there is electricity in it. Anyone who touches it runs the risk of being killed."

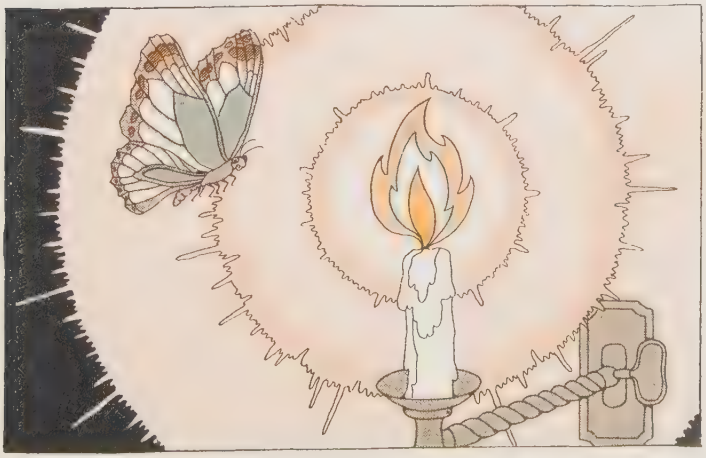
"Gracious!" exclaimed Paul. "I almost touched that wire yesterday. Sam Adams dared me to, but I didn't."

"I wonder why it is," said Mother, "that children seem to think they must do any silly thing that they are 'dared' to do?"

"Because," answered Paul, "the boys say you are a coward if you don't dare."

"My son," said Mother, drawing Paul toward her, "last night I saw a moth fly into the gas. Wasn't he brave?"

"No," said Paul. "I think he was very foolish. If he had any sense, he



would have known that it would burn him."

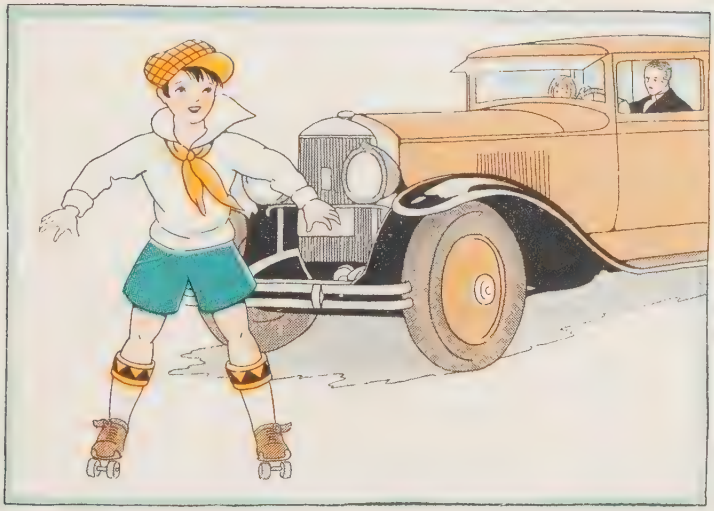
"Then you can see that useless running into danger is not brave, but very foolish?"

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Paul.

"Well, then," said Mother, "the next time a boy says, 'You don't dare to do this or that,' just say to him, 'I'm not so foolish as to try it when I don't have to.' Of course, if you have to go into danger, as the firemen and policemen do, to save some one else, that is really brave."

"When I was riding with Uncle George last week," said Ruth, "a boy was roller-skating in the street, and he nearly went under our wheels. Uncle George turned aside just in time. How it did frighten Uncle George!"

"I wonder," said Mother, "that more children aren't hurt. I have seen



many children play ball, 'catch' rides on wagons, and run all over the street without ever looking about them. I shall be glad when there are more playgrounds, so the children will have safe places to play in."

"Dear me, there are so very many dangers, aren't there?" sighed Ruth.

"No, indeed, Ruth. The world is a beautiful and safe place for people who use their common sense and obey the laws of their city and country.

The world is a dangerous place only for people who 'don't know' or 'don't care.' ''

—Mary S. Haviland

Some "Safety First" Questions

1. Why should you use "safety" matches?
2. Why should you keep other kinds of matches in a tin box?
3. Why should you be very careful to blow out a match before you throw it away?
4. What should people remember to do when they use gasoline?
5. What should you remember to do when you light the gas oven?
6. If your clothing catches fire, what should you do to put it out?
7. Why do you have fire drills in school?
8. Why should you *never* touch a broken electric wire?
9. When is it foolish to take a dare?
10. Why is it dangerous to roller-skate or play in the street?
11. Where is it safe for children to play?
12. What can you do that will help to keep you from getting hurt?

Rules of Safety First

You have been told about the things you should do to help you grow strong and healthy. You need also to know the rules you should follow to avoid accidents. These are called the rules of "safety first."

Safety First at Home

Do not play with matches or with fire. Many children have been burned badly by playing with matches or by playing too near a fire.

Do not lean out of windows. Children often lose their balance and fall when leaning out of a window. Such a fall may cause them to break an arm or a leg, or to be hurt in some other way. It is a good rule never to lean out of an open window.

Do not play with or handle medicine bottles or boxes of any kind. Often children have been made very

sick by taking medicines that they should not have touched. The best rule to follow is never to take medicine unless it is given to you by a grown-up person.

Safety First on the Street

Be very careful in crossing the street. Remember to cross the street at crossings. Always look both ways before you cross the street. Do not try to cross ahead of a street car or an automobile.

Do not roll your hoop, play marbles, play ball, or play any other game in the street. The street belongs to the automobile and the trolley car, and it is not safe for you to play there.

Do not "catch" rides on automobiles, trucks, or any other kind of car. Often boys "catching" rides jump off or fall off and are struck by other passing cars.

Be careful when you go coasting. Every winter many children are hurt by coasting down dangerous hills.

In Case of Accident

If you see a playmate or any child get hurt at home, at school, or in the street, call a grown-up person at once. You may call your mother, your teacher, or any grown-up person who is near.

Let the child who is hurt sit down or lie down. Keep him very quiet until some one comes to help him.

Things to Remember

Do not play with matches or with fire.

Do not lean out of windows.

Do not play with bottles or boxes containing medicine.

Cross the street carefully.

Do not play in the street or "catch" rides.

Do not coast down dangerous hills.

Call a grown-up person at once if you see a child get hurt. Keep the child quiet until some one comes.

ETHICS

A Legend of the Northland

Away, away in the Northland,
  Where the hours of the day are
    few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
  They cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
  To the sledges, when it snows,
And the children look like bear's cubs
  In their funny, furry clothes:

They tell them a curious story—
  I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
  If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
  Lived in the world below,
And walked about it preaching,
  Just as he did, you know;

He came to the door of a cottage,
  In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
  And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
  For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
  To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
  But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
  Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
  And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
  As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
  And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
  But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem
too small
When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country school-boy
Has seen her in the wood;
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

PHOEBE CARY

How Primrose Went to the Party

The Prince who lived in the great white castle at the top of the hill was going to give a party. He had invited the children from the village to come.

For days there had been talk of little else at the cottage doorsteps and in the market place. Oh, the children all knew how wonderful a party at the Prince's castle would be! The doors would be thrown wide open; in all the

rooms there would be rose trees of every kind and color; birds would sing in golden cages; and each child would be given a feast and precious gifts.

There was something else, though, that the children knew. One must be dressed in a fitting way to appear at the castle of the Prince. All the children knew that they must appear in the best clothes that they had to wear.

Well, that was easily arranged. They nearly all had ribbons, and there were bits of fine lace laid away in the home chests that could trim their frocks. Pieces of velvet were to be had, and the village tailor was busy, night and day, making shirts and fine suits for the boys, while the mothers stitched pretty frocks for the girls.

But when their party clothes were made, another thought came to the children. They should, themselves, carry gifts to the Prince.

This also was arranged. A bit of lace from this cottage, an old silver cup from that shelf, a basket of rare fruits from this orchard. These were good gifts.

So at last the children started up the hill to the castle. All were ready to meet the Prince except Primrose; she walked apart from the others, for she had no party dress and no gift to carry.

She was named Primrose because she made bright a poor, bare little hut on the edge of the forest. In all her life Primrose had never been to a party, and now she was invited with the others. But her feet were bare, her little dress was torn, and she had no hat to cover her yellow hair.

As they went up the hill, the children passed a poor old woman gathering wood. She was bending under her great bundle.

"Off for a good time with little thought for others," the old woman said to herself, but Primrose walked quickly up to her side and slipped one soft little hand in the old woman's hand.

"I will carry half your bundle for you to the turn of the road," she said gently. And she did, with the old woman's blessing on her sunny head.

Farther on the children passed a little bird that had fallen out of its nest and was crying beside the road. The mother bird cried, too. It was as if she said, "You have no thought of my trouble."

But Primrose lifted the bird in her two hands. Then she crawled through the bushes until she had found its nest and put it safely in. The branches tore her dress that had been ragged before, but the mother thrush sang gaily to have her little one back.

Just outside the castle gates there was a blind boy. When the other children passed him, laughing and talking, tears fell down the cheeks of the little blind boy, for he had not been able to see for a long, long time. The others did not notice him, but Primrose stopped beside him and put her hands softly on his eyes. Then she picked a wild rose that grew

beside the road and put it close to his face. He could feel its soft petals, and smell its perfume, and it made him smile.

Then Primrose hurried through the castle gates and up to the doors. They were about to be closed. The children had crowded in.

"There is no one else to come," the children shouted.

Then they added, "There is no other child except Primrose, and she has no dress for a party and no gift for you, great Prince."

But the Prince, his kind eyes looking beyond them, asked, "What child, then, do I see coming in so wonderful a dress and carrying a precious gift in her hand?"

The children turned to look. They saw a little girl who wore a crown; it was the old woman's blessing that had set it upon her head. Her dress was of wonderful gold lace; each rag had been turned to gold when she helped the little lost bird. In her hand she carried a clear, white jewel, her gift for the Prince; it was a tear she had taken from the little blind boy's face.

"Why, that is Primrose," the children told the Prince.

—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

A Good Thanksgiving

Said old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And, since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee.
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And, oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the
queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face glad-
dens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think; and a
sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children
I'll bake."

"A sweet cake, all our own! 'Tis too
good to be true!"
Said the Finigan children, Rose,
Denny, and Hugh.
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll
carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake—who has
nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!"
said little Lame Jake.
"Oh, what beautiful, beautiful, beauti-
ful cake!
And, oh, such a big slice! I will save
all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little
sparrow that comes!"
And the sparrows they twittered, as
if they would say,
Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a
Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give
something away!"

—Marian Douglas

The Top That Could Sing

Once upon a time there was a little painted tin top that lay in a toyshop window. It was a most beautiful tin top with a painted stripe of orange, a painted stripe of yellow, and a painted stripe of green. The tin of which it was made was as bright and shining as silver. It had one little pointed toe upon which it could dance most merrily.

But more wonderful than the colors of the tin top, or the shine of it, or its one little tin toe, was its voice. The very moment that it began to dance it began, too, to sing in a sweet, cheerful, humming kind of way. And it kept on singing as long as it kept on dancing.

One day Gerald came to the toyshop with his mother. It was his birthday, and he was to choose a new

toy. A boy who is to have a new toy should smile, but Gerald frowned. He had so many toys at home that he could not decide which new one to choose.

"Will you have a box of little toy soldiers?" asked his mother.

"No, I'm tired of soldiers," Gerald said crossly.

"Will you have a new ball?" asked the toyman.

"I don't want any more balls," Gerald replied quite crossly.

"Oh, see this game!" said his mother.

"Games are so stupid," Gerald answered most crossly.

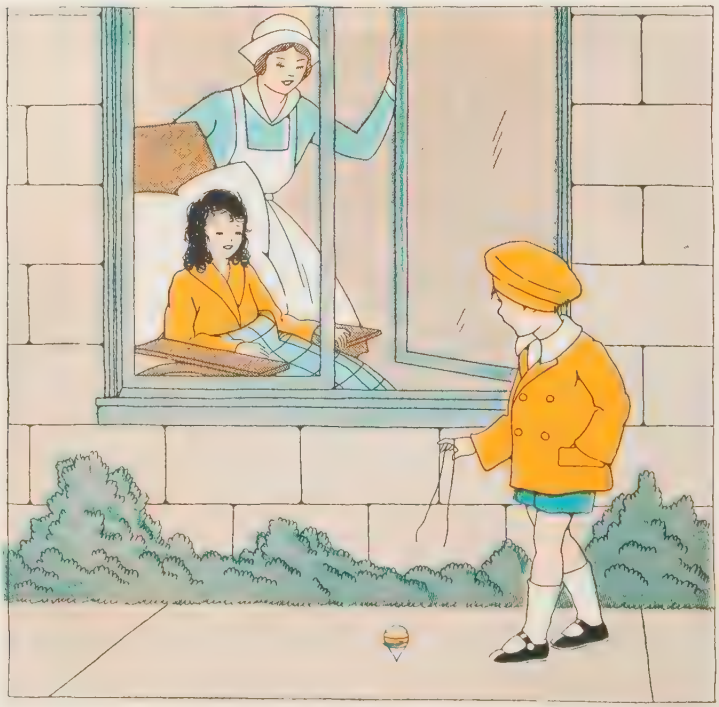
"Then listen!" said the toyman taking the little tin top from its place, winding it up, pulling off the string, and then setting it down on the floor. Away danced the bright little top upon its little tin toe, and as it danced it sang its sweet, cheerful, humming song.

Gerald listened. Then the ugly frown left his face, and in its place there came a happy smile. He clapped his hands as the little tin top circled, and whirled, and tripped, and hopped around his feet.

"May I buy the top that sings?" he asked. His mother said that he might. So they paid a bright ten-cent piece for it, and the toyman put the little tin top into Gerald's hands. As they left the toyshop, Gerald still smiled, and he hopped along beside his mother as he remembered how the little tin top had hopped on its little tin toe. And his mother made up a song about it that they hummed softly together:

"To and fro, on its little tin toe,
Singing and dancing the top will go.
Spinning and singing it seems to say,
'Children should always be glad and gay.'"

So they went on until they came to a big building that was a hospital. At one of the front windows a sick child was looking out. Gerald looked in; then he motioned for the nurse who stood near to open the window. He then wound the little tin top and started it spinning on the sidewalk. The top



could spin and sing indoors or outdoors. Round and round it danced and it seemed to be saying:

"To and fro on my little tin toe,
Singing and spinning, oh, see me go!
This is the song that I sing today,
'Children should always be glad and gay.'"

The sick child watched the little tin top, its whirling colors looking like a rainbow in the sunlight. She listened to its sweet, cheerful, humming song. Then her pale, tired face changed to a happy, smiling face. She clapped her hands and laughed so loudly that Gerald could hear her. She had heard what the little top sang.

Then they went on a little farther, until they came to a boy who sold newspapers on the street corner. He had just seen another boy who sold newspapers coming, and he had decided to have a fight with him. He did not

want him to sell his papers on that corner. An ugly frown covered his face, but suddenly he saw Gerald with his little top in his hands.

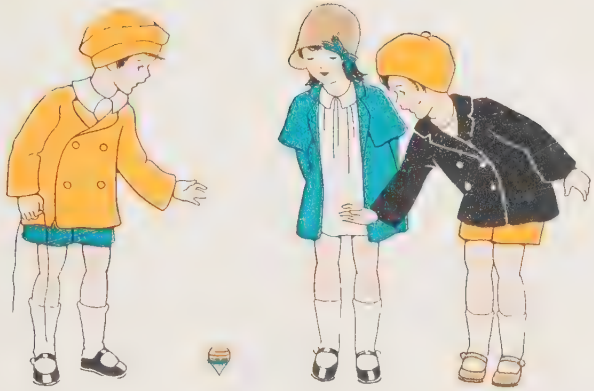
"Can you spin it?" the boy asked Gerald.

"Watch and see!" Gerald answered.

So Gerald started the little tin top spinning by the newsboy's pile of papers. It could spin and sing anywhere, even on the street. Round and round it danced, and as it danced it seemed to be saying again:

"To and fro on my little tin toe,
Singing and spinning, oh, see me go!
This is the song that I sing today,
'Children should always be glad and gay.'"

The newsboy listened to the sweet, cheerful, humming song of the little top. Then he, too, laughed, and he motioned to the other newsboy to come and see the top.



"Put your papers down here by mine," he said, as Gerald picked up the top and started on.

They were almost home now, and just as they reached their own street Gerald heard the voices of his two friends, Peter and Polly. They were very loud, cross voices, indeed.

"It's my turn to ride in the cart!" shouted Peter.

"No, it's my turn to ride in the cart!" shouted Polly.

"Peter and Polly, look; see what I have for my birthday," said Gerald.

Then Gerald started the little top spinning in front of Peter and Polly. It could sing and spin anywhere, even in front of a little quarreling brother and sister. Round and round it whirled, and it seemed to be saying once again:

"To and fro on my little tin toe,
Singing and spinning, oh, see me go!
This is the song that I sing today,
'Children should always be glad and gay.'"

"Oh, the pretty top!" shouted Peter and Polly, as they listened to its sweet, cheerful, humming song. Then Peter said to Polly: "It's your turn to ride in the cart, Polly."

But Polly said to Peter: "Oh, no, it's your turn to ride in the cart, Peter."

And that was the wonderful secret of the little tin top; wherever it took its spinning, singing way it made little children glad and gay.

—Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

The Brown Thrush

There's a merry brown thrush sitting
up in the tree,
He's singing to me! He's singing to
me!
And what does he say, little girl,
little boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing,
"A nest do you see,
And five eggs, hid by me in the
juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! Don't touch! little
girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! Now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away
in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl,
little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? Don't you
see?
Unless we are as good as good can
be."

—Lucy Larcom

"Open the door quickly, Sybil. Don't you see my hands are full? Why don't you hurry? Yes, that'll do. Now you can shut it after me." And Archie came forward to the table with his arms full of plants he had been gathering.

"Since when have 'if you please' and 'thank you' gone out of fashion, Archie?" asked his aunt.

The boy grew very red, but he laughed. "I didn't mean to be rude," he said. "But Sybil doesn't mind. Do you, Sybil?"

"No," replied the little girl. "Still, I do think it is nice when people say thank you and speak politely to each other."

"I know I *should*," replied Archie, "but you see, Auntie, I forget, or else it doesn't seem worth while."

"Now that reminds me of a little adventure of mine," said his aunt. "I was going to see a friend the other day when I saw a little dog wandering along. He was very pretty and well cared for, but just then he seemed to be in trouble. He trotted up to me, gave a friendly little bark, and then wagging his tail looked up to see if I were following him. It was as plain as any spoken words: he was asking me to help him. He led me down the street, round a corner, and stopped in front of a door, looking at me and wagging his tail. Nobody could have failed to understand him.

"'Here is my home, kind lady. I have been shut out; please do ring the bell for me.' I rang, of course, and quickly the door was opened, and in rushed the dog. I was turning away, when I heard a noise just inside the door. Then my friend barked and I

heard some one say, 'What can he want?' The door opened and out came the dog. As soon as he saw me, he gave a quick, cheerful little bark and wagged his tail. It was the plainest

'Thank you for being so kind' that was ever spoken in dog language, I'm sure. Now don't you call that being polite?''

''Yes, indeed,'' said the children, and Archie turned to Sybil and said, ''Please, Sybil, will you kindly open the door?'' She did so, and he disappeared, but in a moment his voice was again heard.

''I beg your pardon,'' he said. ''I have come back again to say 'thank you.' Isn't that being as polite as the dog who wagged his tail?''

—Mrs. Molesworth—Adapted

Learn:

I know three little children
Who all are so polite:
The first one is ''Excuse me,''
The second one is ''Please,''
The third one is ''Thank you'';
Dear little folks are these.

Habits That Help to Keep You Cheerful and Happy

You have been learning about habits you should form to keep you healthy and strong. You have been learning also about the habits you should form to protect yourself from getting hurt. We are now going to tell you about some habits you should form that help to keep you happy and useful. These are habits of kindness, of cheerfulness, of obedience, and of politeness. If you form these habits, your little friends will always like to have you as a playmate, and grown-up people will surely like to have you with them.

Kindness

Practice the habit of being kind. When you are about your home, be kind to your mother and father and your sisters and brothers. Try to think

of things you can do to help Mother and Father. If Mother is busy and the baby is cross, how much it will help Mother if you play with the baby! If Father comes home in the evening and feels tired, how much better he will feel if you remember to play quietly.

When you are with your playmates, always be kind to them. Let them play with your toys, and be pleasant and cheerful about sharing with them anything you may have.

Be kind to your pets and to other animals, too. How soon pets learn to love a child who is kind to them! Perhaps you have seen animals that have been trained to do many kinds of tricks. These animals love their masters and obey them willingly because their masters are kind to them. You should form the fine habit of being kind.

Cheerfulness

Have you ever tried to sing and be cheerful, as you do your work or as you play? How much happier it makes you and those about you!

Boys and girls who sulk and are unhappy make everyone about them unhappy.

Do not allow yourself to be cross and sulky. It becomes a habit, and a very bad one. Remember each day to practice being cheerful and happy.

Obedience

What a fine thing it is to be an obedient child! Children who obey their parents and their teachers do not often get into trouble. Form the habit of obeying while you are a child. The best soldiers are the soldiers who have learned to obey orders.

Try to form the habit of doing what you are told to do.

My Health House

I am building my Health House day by day,
As I eat and sleep and work and play.
My food is the lumber that I use,
And the best materials I must choose
(Such as milk and vegetables, fruit and eggs),
While Fresh Air furnishes nails and pegs;
And Sleep, the carpenter, takes them all
To silently fashion each room and hall.

If I build aright, when I am grown
I shall have a house I am proud to own.
No need for breakdowns and repairs,
For good material wears and wears.
So I'm building my Health House day by day,
As I eat and sleep and work and play.
Some build for Happiness, some for Wealth;
But I'll find both in my House of Health.

—Rispah Goff Howell

Suggestions to Teachers

In the third grade we are working toward developing with greater thoroughness the health habits we have attempted to establish in the first and second grades. The material in this book contains lessons in personal cleanliness, mouth hygiene, food, fresh air, exercise, rest, first aid, and ethics.

Little children need the spirit of play in their daily work, and health teaching need not be a thing apart from the daily work. Demonstrations, songs, projects, and poster making form avenues of appeal to the child's mind, making the work interesting and the impression lasting.[1]

Cleanliness

The best approach to the general health standard seems to be through encouraging habits of personal cleanliness. Children in this grade are at the age when they take great pride in their personal appearance. They are also growing more independent in caring for themselves. In developing the work on cleanliness, let your main effort be to make the process of keeping clean attractive and interesting to the children.

[1] *Our Health Habits*, by Whitcomb and Beveridge, for teachers offers many interesting devices for motivating health work.

A demonstration seems to be one of the most effective ways of impressing a child with the process of cleaning up. In arranging for a demonstration we make the following suggestion:

Preparation:

1. Basin of water on low stand or chair
2. Two towels and two washcloths (Emphasize the importance of having individual towels and washcloths.)
3. Pure soap (Discourage the use of laundry or strong lye soaps. These are very injurious to the skin.)
4. Nailbrush
5. Nail file
6. Comb and brush

Demonstration:

1. Roll sleeves above elbows and turn collar band down. (Explain that at home the boys' blouses and the girls' dresses should be removed.)
2. Wash hands first. Emphasize the importance of drying them thoroughly. Clean finger nails.
3. Get basin of clean water. (Explain that they should have clean water for the face.)
4. Wash face, neck, and ears; rinse in clean, cool water and dry thoroughly.
5. Comb hair.

A plan of daily inspection for habits of cleanliness presents an interesting method for gaining results.

When the morning inspection is first introduced, do not set the standard too high. The minimum requirement should be clean faces, necks, ears, hands, and nails. For this inspection have the children in position with hands on their desks. An inspector may be appointed for each row. The inspectors are told to inspect for the points of cleanliness which you wish to encourage. Each inspector passes down the row. When he has finished his inspection, he reports on the cleanliness of the row. Compliment the children who have met the requirements, and encourage with helpful suggestions those who have failed.

Children enjoy making posters. These may be made from pictures cut from magazines, or they may be made by free-hand cutting.

Keeping Unclean Things Away from the Face

Children have a tendency to carry pencils, pens, rulers, and other unclean objects to the mouth. No doubt this careless habit is responsible for the spreading of many of the infectious diseases. If the classroom teacher could instill within the minds of the pupils a sensitiveness to keeping everything unclean away from the eyes, nose, and mouth, and to washing the hands before handling food, much of the danger of spreading infectious diseases would be eliminated.

The Use of a Handkerchief

Children should carry a clean handkerchief daily. They may be taught the proper use of a handkerchief through a handkerchief drill. A handkerchief drill may be conducted as follows:

1. Each child should have a clean handkerchief or a clean cloth.

2. With mouth slightly opened, have him close one nostril and blow gently three times through the other nostril. (Do not have him blow both nostrils at the same time, as he may blow infection into the ears and sinuses which may cause serious trouble.)

3. Have him fold the handkerchief with the soiled portion inside, and put the handkerchief into his pocket or in a clean place.

Care of the Teeth

These three important facts concerning the care of the teeth should be taught to children:

1. Children need to eat the food that will build up strong, sound teeth. Chief among these foods are milk and the leafy green vegetables.

2. Children need to exercise their teeth and jaws. Food that is tough and hard to chew exercises the teeth and jaws. Children should chew thoroughly all the food they eat.

3. Children should keep their teeth clean. The teeth should be brushed at least twice each day

in the morning before breakfast and in the evening before going to bed.

The children in this grade need to be taught how to brush their teeth. The permanent teeth are appearing at this age, and dental decay in these teeth is a serious condition. The habit of brushing the teeth twice daily is an important preventive measure. The best way to teach the process of brushing the teeth so that the child will get the clearest understanding of the method is to plan to give as much individual attention as possible. We recommend that but four or five children be instructed at a time. Take this group to a place where there is running water, or provide a pitcher of water, a basin, and individual drinking cups. The following method of brushing the teeth seems to be quite generally accepted:

Order in which the teeth should be brushed:

1. Brush inner surfaces first.
2. Brush chewing surfaces.
3. Brush outer surfaces: (*a*) back teeth, (*b*) side teeth, (*c*) front teeth

Method of using the brush:

1. Open the mouth enough to allow an easy motion of the brush.
2. Use a rolling motion of the wrist, not the force of the whole arm.
3. Brush upper teeth down.
4. Brush lower teeth up.

5. Include the gums on the strokes—brush vigorously.

6. Use at least ten strokes to each movement. (By this we mean ten strokes to the back teeth, ten to the side teeth, and ten to the front teeth in both the upper and the lower jaw.)

7. Rinse the brush often.

8. When the brushing is finished, rinse the mouth several times, forcing water back and forth through the teeth.

Food

You should strive to create within the child a sensitiveness to a selection of the right kinds of foods.

Children need to be taught that their diet should consist chiefly of vegetables, fruits, cereals, and milk. They should not drink tea or coffee.

Many interesting projects may be developed which will encourage the children to eat the foods that are good for them. Have the pupils cut from magazines pictures of foods. Mount these on cardboard. The children will enjoy playing cafeteria and being allowed to select from these pictures the foods they should eat. They may also be allowed to select the proper foods for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Campaigns encouraging the use of different foods are interesting to the children. For example, if a

survey of your room shows that few children are drinking milk, a "milk campaign" might be promoted. Have the children report each morning on drinking milk. Let each child who drinks milk have a small milk bottle cut from paper on his desk.

The children will enjoy dramatizing the story, "One Night in Jinny's Kitchen."

Fresh Air and Exercise

Children should be encouraged to play outdoors in the fresh air at least one hour each day. If the weather is too stormy to permit outdoor play, indoor games should be conducted in a well-ventilated room.

Rest

Children need long and regular hours of rest. All children should be in bed at least ten hours every night, and nervous or underweight children should have twelve hours of rest. Although you must depend upon mothers to enforce this habit of an early bed hour, you can do much through group teaching toward encouraging it.

Safety First

With the ever-increasing danger of accidents, it becomes a duty of the school to do more to aid in the safety and welfare of the children. The aim should be to make safety a habit. The lessons on

safety first in this book include helps on those accidents which most commonly occur. You should also add other safety-first lessons as they may be demanded in the community in which you teach.

Safety-first projects lend impetus to safety-first instruction.

Ethics

Ethical ideas should not be forced upon children, but should be woven in their daily living through the use of stories, dramatizations, and other activities. Frequent discussions on kind deeds they have done or ways in which they can help Mother and Father will prompt the children to be more thoughtful.

Date Loaned			
MAR 9 -	1936	L. Land	
Aug 3 -	1936	L. Leon	
JAN 19	1938	L. J. Fuller	
JUN 1 -	1938	M. Hill	
JUN 13	1938	C. Wilbanks	
JUN 27	1939	Joan Murff.	
JUN 28	1939	J. Murff	

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